The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1914.

Summary of the News

In a special Chronicle of the War, which will be found on page 185, we record the principal events in the military and naval campaigns in the European war. That department will be continued during the course of the war, and we shall endeavor to record in it only the news of the week that has been officially confirmed or that appears *à priori* to be reliable.

In estimating the value of any news that comes from the seat, or rather the various seats, of war, attention must necessarily be paid to its source. Up to the present most of our information on the course of the war has come from London, Paris, and Brussels. Berlin has been almost shut off from communication. It is only to be expected that the reports received should be to some extent colored by the source from which they come. Thus the importance of French or Belgian victories, even when they are officially confirmed from Paris or Brussels, is likely to be somewhat exaggerated, and similarly the scanty news that trickles through from Berlin by way of Amsterdam is not to be accepted at its face value. On Saturday, for instance, it was officially announced in Berlin that Liège had fallen, and the news was received with uproarious enthusiasm. In Brussels the report was categorically denied. Both statements were to some extent true, the fact being that German troops had entered the city of Liège, but that the surrounding forts—the really important defences—were intact.

United States embassies in Europe are likely to be kept busy during the next few months. Since the declaration of war the embassies in London and Paris have taken charge of German interests in these capitals, and British interests in Berlin are being attended to by Ambassador Gerard and his staff.

Less anxiety is felt concerning the safety of American tourists in Europe and their prospects of returning home. Administration officials are understood to be satisfied by the general tone of messages received from the various European countries. Secretary Garrison stated on Monday that it seemed probable that the regular steamship lines would be able to take care of the traffic and that it would not therefore be necessary for the Government to charter special vessels to bring home the stranded American citizens. Arrangements have been made for the relief of the destitute.

One of the immediate effects of the war in this country has been to cause considerable anxiety concerning the marketing of the cotton crop of the South, more than half of which is usually disposed of abroad. The Department of Agriculture has recommended cotton growers to use the nation's credit to the utmost, and to withhold cotton from the market until conditions are more favorable. A movement has been started by prominent bankers to extend credit, and to make large loans in the South, so that cotton growers may be able to tide over the present crisis. Ultimately it is expected that, even if the European market is unavailable, there will be a demand for the full crop in this country and in South America.

The President on August 6 issued a request to all officers of both services, whether active or retired, to refrain from public comment upon the military or political situation in Europe.

The Federal Trade Commission bill was passed in the Senate on August 5, by a vote of 53 to 16, and was referred back to the House for final disposition. On the following day the Clayton bill, the second of the three anti-Trust measures, came before the Senate.

The appointments of Paul M. Warburg, of New York, and Frederic A. Delano, of Chicago, as members of the Federal Reserve Board were confirmed by the Senate on Friday of last week. The Board as completed, besides the two gentlemen named, consists of: W. P. G. Harding, of Birmingham; Adolph C. Miller, of San Francisco; Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston, and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, who are members *ex-officio*.

In the primaries held last week in Nebraska, Missouri, and Oklahoma, the results of the candidatures for the United States Senate were as follows: In Nebraska Senator Bristow was defeated by ex-Senator Charles Curtis; in Missouri Senator Stone, and in Oklahoma Senator Gore, were renominated.

A terrible accident, in which thirty-eight persons were killed and forty injured, occurred on August 5 at Tiptonford, Mo., when a Kansas City Southern passenger train collided with a gasolene-motor car.

The Government suit to recover 125,000 acres of valuable timber land in Arkansas, listed in the original survey as lakes, was instituted in the Federal Court in Chicago on August 5. The land is valued at $9,000,000, and is held by several lumber companies. The suit also seeks to recover $2,000,000 for timber taken from the land.

Dispatches from Mexico during the past week have been almost as conflicting as in the glorious days when correspondents were first turned loose at Vera Cruz. This time, however, the contradictory statements that have appeared from day to day appear to have been quite legitimate and due to uncertainty in Mexico itself as to the intentions of Provisional President Carbajal and Gen. Carranza, while Gen. Villa, of course, is always a fruitful source of speculation.

On Thursday of last week it was "officially confirmed" by José Castellot, the representative of Provisional President Carbajal in Washington, that an agreement had been reached between the Carbajal delegates and Gen. Carranza, and that the peaceful occupation of Mexico City by the Constitutionalists was assured. On Friday came the news of a complete disagreement and the report that Constitutionalist forces were marching on Mexico City. It was also reported that there had been continuous fighting at Mazatlan and that the besieging Constitutionalists had captured all the outer defences of the city.

On Monday came a curious statement on the authority of a "high official of the Mexican Government" that a transfer of power was to be made by Provisional President Carbajal to Eduardo Iturbide, Governor of the Federal District, who would in turn hand over the power to Gen. Obregon, from whom, presumably, it would be transferred to Gen. Carranza. From this mass of contradictory statements the only safe inference to be drawn would seem to be that Gen. Carranza continues obdurate in insisting on an unconditional surrender of the Government.

The resignation of Viscount Morley as Lord President of the Council followed close on that of John Burns from the Presidency of the Local Government Board, which we recorded last week. Earl Beauchamp has been appointed to succeed Viscount Morley, and Walter Runciman to take the place of John Burns.

Financial conditions in England appear to be rapidly adjusting themselves to the emergency of the situation. Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced in the House of Commons on last Friday that the banking business was everywhere normal, and that people were paying in money freely. On Thursday of last week the bank rate, which had been raised to 10 per cent., was reduced to 6 per cent., and on Saturday it was still further reduced to 5 per cent.

It has been given out that the fact that several of the intending exhibitors at the Panama Exposition next year are at present busily engaged in slaughtering one another will not be allowed to interfere with the plans for the Exposition. Indeed, it is possible that the war in Europe may even assist the success of the enterprise, since many tourists from North and South America, who would under ordinary circumstances go to Europe, may be diverted to San Francisco.

In consequence of the war in Europe the race for the America's cup has been postponed. The New York Yacht Club last week cabled the Royal Ulster Yacht Club to inquire its wishes concerning the matches. The Ulster Club replied suggesting a postponement for one month, and in the event of war still being in progress an extension of the postponement till next year, when the races should be sailed under the same conditions and with the same challenger and defender.

The deaths of the week include: Thomas J. Creamer, Rear-Admiral R. B. Bradford, August 4; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, August 6; Col. John Schuyler Crosby, August 8; President R. Saenz Peña, Sir Edward Anwyl, August 9; William Nelson, Col. R. A. Thompson, ex-Gov. J. B. Smith, August 10.

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The Week

Universal and respectful sympathy has gone out to President Wilson in his deep personal affliction. That such a blow should have fallen upon him at a time when he must stagger under official burdens heavier than any President since Lincoln has been called upon to bear, adds to the mute pity of it. Yet in the very fact that he cannot pause to indulge in the luxuries of sorrow, but must steel his heart and press on in his high public duties, he may find a temporary dulling of his grief. He must know that all his fellow-countrymen have mourned with him during the past week.

Whatever of evil the war of nations may have brought upon us Americans, the country is indebted to it for a clear revelation of the efficiency of the Administration of President Woodrow Wilson. The great machinery of government has functioned quickly and well. If we have seen in England a fairly amazing subsiding of popular passion, but yesterday threatening civil war, we have witnessed on this side of the water a similar and a most praiseworthy readiness to rise above partisanship and stand by the President in his effort to take in all possible sail and render the ship of state as safe as may be in the hurricane that has suddenly burst upon it. Quietly and effectively every disposition has been made, without the slightest blowing of trumpets or hurrahing about it; if anything has been overlooked which might have been foreseen, it has yet to appear.

While the credit for all this belongs to many men, the chief praise is, of course, due to the captain, who, face to face with a most distressing personal bereavement, yet continued to devote himself to his work precisely as if his mind were completely at ease as to all private affairs. He has met the national emergency with the same poise and skill with which he has held Congress to its work from the very inception of his Administration. The sneered-at college professor has shown again not only what it means to have communed with the world's philosophers, but has demonstrated the supreme value of rigid mental discipline as well. His hand on the helm has never wavered; his own coolness and steadiness under conditions which might have snapped many a physically stronger man have won him the unbounded admiration of the corps of newspaper men who have daily found him about the only outwardly unruffled man in the intense heat and fearful strain of Washington. They will not soon forget the eloquent words with which he outlined to them the gravity of the war crisis and the duty of the press—words spoken primarily for them, but which they demanded for publication. And the public will not forget that his message tendering the good offices of this Government to the warring nations of Europe was written at the bedside of his dying wife. In every way in this grave emergency he has given fresh proof of his marked fitness for the headship of the nation.

A glance at a batch of German newspapers recently come to hand, printed on the eve of the war, is sufficient to show how swiftly the significance of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia penetrated the German mind. It was everywhere taken for granted that this move had been made with the knowledge and consent of the German Foreign Office. Indeed, the German Ambassador in Paris promptly announced that Germany was aware of the Austrian note and would support her ally, though he added that there was no intention of forcing a war. But the German press was instantly alive to the danger of a general European war. The Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* foreshadowed it, and so did the Berlin *Tageblatt*. These two papers discussed the matter in phrases so nearly identical that it almost seems as if they were obeying an order of the day. Both spoke of the intention of Germany to "localize" the war, if possible—as if you could localize an earthquake—but also declared the firm purpose to go to war with France and Russia, if necessary. It is, however, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that we find the gravity of the situation best appreciated and most weightily discussed. This Liberal organ did not conceal its belief that the whole system of European alliances was on the point of being broken down. Nor did it share the opinion of those optimists who predicted that Russia would back down as she did in 1909. It apparently had a juster measure than most Germans did, including the Emperor, of that "Nationalismus" in Russia which would infallibly push the Czar into defence of Servia. On one point the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was in error. Alluding to the possibility of England's being drawn into the conflict, it said: "A country of which one great province is in open rebellion cannot be imagined to be desirous of incurring military dangers outside its own territory." The best comment on that is the roar of English guns in the North Sea.

A striking detail of Germany's preparations for the future was revealed a few days before Austria lighted the torch, in a remarkable statement from the Burgomaster of Rotterdam. The Vulkan Company, which builds Dreadnoughts for the German navy as well as Atlantic liners for the German steamship companies, has for two years been trying to induce the Government of the Netherlands to permit it to construct a harbor capable of accommodating Dreadnoughts, with a coaling station and the usual accessories, for purely "private" purposes. The proposal aroused great opposition in Holland. The people of Rotterdam protested against the plan, and the Ministry was compelled to promise legislation placing all harbors under public control. Nevertheless, when the Chamber adjourned, the bargain was secretly made. When this became known, the indignation of the people of Rotterdam was so great and the danger was regarded as so grave that the Burgomaster took the very unusual course of issuing a statement manifestly intended as a warning and appeal to England. The comment of the London *Times* upon the statement, while displaying keen interest in the matter, shows what a change in the relative emphasis of national and international affairs has taken place in the past two weeks. Says the *Times:* "However engrossed the people of Great Britain may be just now in their domestic affairs, they are not so preoccupied as to ignore this development, or to be unmindful of the significance of the moment chosen to announce it."

The strength of the active Austrian army is set forth by the latest German newspapers as comprising 34,000 officers and 380,000 men. The Berlin *Tageblatt's* military writer, Major Moraht, asserts that this force can speedily be raised to two millions without the *Landsturm*, or the final reserve. The regular army, which is but 8 per cent. of the population of the Dual Monarchy, begins the war at an unfortunate time, for it was just in process of a reorganization largely increasing its numbers, which change cannot now be carried out. It is reported to be well armed, particularly as to artillery, but comprises a considerable number of organizations it would not be safe to use against the Servians, because of racial entanglements. These could, however, be employed against Russia or to guard communications. Yet the general belief is that Germany has a weak reed to lean upon in her ally, whose army would be of little avail against Russia should Italy declare war against her quondam al-

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lies. The German press speaks handsomely of the Servian troops, estimating that Austria would need 450,000 men at least to conquer that mountainous country. From the general tone of the news it would appear that but little progress has been made in that direction. Austria, at least, must deeply regret by this time the terrible situation in which her ferocious ultimatum to Servia has placed her and her ally.

Though there are rumors of Japan's preparing for war, German naval and military strength in China is comparatively so small as to preclude the necessity of Japan's being called in under her treaty with England. Germany has but a small settlement in the Orient; her troops would not amount to more than about five thousand men of all arms. These probably will concentrate on the Kiao-chau Bay at Tsing-tau, which is fortified and well designed for defensive purpose. If sufficiently provisioned, it would prove a severe obstacle to an attacking force. England could withdraw from the various parts of South and North China about 5,000 regular troops. These could, if necessary, be supported by French regulars from Tongquin and Cochin China, or Russian troops from the north. It is very unlikely that operations of any consequence would affect the Straits Settlement or the India Seas. The sphere of decisive action would probably be restricted to the Yellow Sea or to the close proximity of Tsing-tau. Should the war, however, inspire an outbreak of revolution in China or fresh unrest in India, complications of far greater moment might arise in the East. This, however, is highly improbable. If Japan joins in the clash of arms, she will very likely be the principal attacking force on Kiao-chau by land, while a part of her fleet will reinforce the British. In this case the German force would be outclassed on all sides and the struggles both on land and sea should be brief. But whatever may happen in China, the future relative power of foreign nations in the Far Orient will depend entirely on the outcome of the war in Europe.

We cannot commend too highly the vigorous action of President Wilson in enforcing the neutrality laws of this country by the stationing of guard-ships in the chief harbors to watch the movements of any outgoing merchantman, by the patrolling of the coast by destroyers, and by the regulation of the wireless system. That the wireless should come into it is one of the interesting developments of this war. Undoubtedly, before another comes to pass there will be such powerful stations on the Continent that a nation may be able to communicate direct with its cruisers on this side of the water, without the necessity of a relay station on Long Island. Meanwhile, it would obviously be unjust for the United States to permit the German company to transmit orders to the German cruisers on this coast, or the French or English to their cruisers. The United States suffered so much from violations of neutrality by Great Britain during the Civil War that it cannot be too careful in enforcing its absolute non-partisanship at all points where friction might possibly arise or grounds for damages be given.

At the opening of last week the declaration of a general moratorium on debts was discussed at London, and a suspension of the Bank of England Act. Monday was a regular bank holiday; the Government extended it by decree until Friday; but on Thursday night a moratorium on debts for a month and the suspension of the Bank Act were decreed. England has never before declared payment of debts suspended, since the modern credit system was created. France resorted to the expedient in the War of 1870; so did the Balkan states, in October, 1912. France proclaimed it at last week's close, Germany early in the present week; though its scope in those countries seems to have been limited. The moratorium applies only to financial and commercial liabilities—not to such obligations as rent and salaries—and it was forced on Europe by the inability of bankers in one country to meet maturing drafts, when they could not collect what other European markets had contracted to pay to them.

The suspension of the Bank Act of 1844 was due to another cause. Last Friday's statement showed the Bank to have lost from its reserve, during the seven preceding days, no less than $84,500,000. Its gold holdings were reduced $52,500,000, and, since its loans had increased $90,000,000, its ratio of reserve to liability fell from the previous week's 40 per cent.—the traditional "minimum of safety"—to 14⅝. It could not, under such conditions, continue issuing notes covered wholly by gold in its reserve, as the Act of 1844 requires; therefore, for the first time since 1866, the Act was suspended. The Bank is now issuing notes in excess of its gold reserve. Suspension of the Bank Act is a panic expedient, but not an inflation expedient. It will not involve a premium on gold, unless gold redemption of the notes were also to be suspended. That was done continuously in the period between 1797 and 1821; not since. The Bank Act itself has never been suspended except in the London panics of 1847, 1857, and 1866. The economist Newmarch once predicted that, engaged in a formidable war, the British Government would "commandeer" the Bank of England's gold reserve; but it has not proposed any such expedient. The Bank still holds £27,600,000 gold; its outstanding notes are £36,100,000. Last week its £29,700,000 circulation was covered by £38,100,000 gold. At the crisis of the Overend-Gurney panic strain, on May 30, 1866, it had £26,500,000 notes outstanding and held £11,800,000 gold against them. Its actual banking reserve was only £859,000 in its vaults, and its ratio of reserve to liabilities fell to the extraordinarily low percentage of 3¼.

It is an obvious fact that the revenue situation of this country, recently so favorable, is greatly altered. The customs duties of the Government amount to more than a third of its entire income; and last week's reports from the custom houses indicate how deeply they have been cut into. But it is also obvious that for some time it will be impossible to outline the loss with exactness, or to plan compensatory means of securing revenue, and that hasty measures might be very unwise. Should the ocean be opened within a few weeks to the greater part of our overseas commerce, any comprehensive Congressional action may be unnecessary. Should the naval blockades long continue, there is little doubt that it may be necessary to reimpose some of the special internal revenue taxes levied in our two last wars. It has been pointed out that the Spanish-American War impost on beer would now cover one-third of the necessary sum. But such measures are to be taken only when shown indispensable. The announcement of the Ways and Means Committee of the House in this connection is highly reassuring. It proposes to study the situation thoroughly between now and adjournment, with a view to taking little action earlier than the middle of September, and—if the state of the war is still uncertain—to possible postponement of it until the regular December session.

Like the battle of Blenheim, the passage of the Trade Commission bill by the Senate, following its adoption by the House, was a "famous victory," although what good may come of it at last may puzzle more than Little Peterkin to say. Changes made in it on its way through the Senate necessitate its

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return to the House, which means, of course, that it will go to conference for whipping into final shape. The bi-partisan vote in its favor last week disposed of any possibility of charges of "caucus control." Almost exactly half of the Republican Senators were recorded as voting for it. Yet this was rather an indication of the radical temper of our most conservative legislative body than proof of the wisdom of the bill. The central feature of the measure is the transfer of the powers of the Commissioner of Corporations to a Trade Commission of five members, with a considerable enlargement of those powers, particularly by the conferring upon the Commission of authority to issue orders against "unfair competition." Just what is the significance of that phrase, either in practice or in law, we are left to discover by the operation of the bill. There is not a little force in the protest of the Merchants' Association against the passage of anti-Trust legislation just now, not only upon the ground assigned by the Association of disturbance to business from the European war, but also from the fact that, with that struggle absorbing public attention, such legislation will not receive the criticism that it ought to have.

The confirmation last week by the Senate of the nominations of Messrs. Warburg and Delano, as members of the Federal Reserve Board, was doubtless hastened by the war and the financial difficulties which it has precipitated in this country, as in all the rest of the world. The country is to be congratulated on getting such men as Mr. Warburg and Mr. Delano to complete and strengthen the Federal Reserve Board. At the same time, it should not be expected that there will be any haste in setting the new system of banking and currency into operation. The urgent needs of the financial situation have been met, as they had to be met, by emergency measures which seem to be ample. With them the Federal Reserve Board would not for a moment think of interfering, nor could it wisely take steps in a hurry to supplement them. The mere calling upon the banks at this time for their subscriptions to the Federal reserve system would be an embarrassment. It will, no doubt, be avoided for the present.

The apparent willingness of the Senate to resume consideration of the treaties whose shelving was recently proposed until the regular session will be the more remarkable for coming when European chancelleries are so war-engrossed. We hope that any taking up of pending agreements will not mean a loss of distinction between good and bad. Secretary Bryan, in signing with Minister Chamorro the Nicaraguan treaty, stated on August 5 his confidence in its prompt ratification. The original compact, as he said, has been stripped of the protectorate clause which the Foreign Relations Committee found objectionable; its main provision is now the simple payment of $3,000,000 for a permanent option on the Nicaragua Canal route, and the right to naval stations on the Bay of Fonseca and neighboring islands. But Secretary Bryan speaks of leaving the Platt amendment for future consideration. It is not certain, moreover, whether the alleged danger of German or other purchase of a canal route valueless to us justifies a $3,000,000 bid, or any bid at all. As to the twenty peace treaties, however, which the Foreign Relations Committee has so surprisingly approved and urged, there can be but one mind. Amid the inevitable sneers at pacific efforts, this is the moment to pass them. Their acceptance would be welcomed by France, England, and other nations—Germany did not negotiate a convention; it would be an excellent step for America, and would be a forcible and timely endorsement of pacifist principles.

The passage by the House last week of the General Dam bill, by a vote of 190 to 47, means that one of the more important of the Administration's tasks is well accomplished; so well accomplished that even the Progressives, who once claimed to be the only true conservationists, have nothing but praise for the joint product of two Democratic Cabinet officers and two Democratic chairmen of committee. The Adamson act is the result of an almost unique amount of conferring between House and Senate, Cabinet and President, and has been amended until, as Congressman Donohoe remarked, "the original bill would not be known." Six months ago a committee report to the National Conservation Congress alleged a threatening state of things which this bill was intended to avert. It was set forth that not merely was "the central fact in the water-power situation of to-day concentration of powers," with ten groups of interests controlling 65 per cent. of all the water power in the country, but that these interests had in the last two years increased their control of power held undeveloped more than twice as fast as their developed power. They were a menace not only to competitive rates, but to the rapidity with which the latent water power in America should be opened up. The act contains almost every possible safeguard against the growth of hydro-electric power monopolies. Franchises are limited to fifty-year periods, and if their privileges are abused, they are revocable. At their expiration the plant may be acquired by Federal, State, or municipal government at actual cost, "unearned increment" being disregarded. The way is paved to a new era in public use of stream-flow power.

Are the Democrats going to leave the Republicans behind in the new political game of amalgamating with the Progressives? Following the lead of Wyoming and Utah, comes Massachusetts with an arrangement by which the Progressives will endorse the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second District, and the Democrats, in turn, will endorse the Progressive candidate for Councillor. The object of the "deal" is to defeat Representative Gillett. The man upon whom the two parties have agreed for Congressman is Prof. Edward M. Lewis, Dean of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. As he is also well known for his work in the pitcher's box in his college days, it is evident that the unamalgamated Republicans will face a formidable opponent. The puzzle in these successive Democratic-Progressive alliances remains as baffling as ever. One can imagine either of the old parties, which by hypothesis are reprobate and lost to all sense of honor, jumping at a chance to walk with the saints, but how do the saints manage to reconcile their consciences to walking with the reprobates?

Roque Saenz Peña, the President of the Argentine Republic, whose death was announced on Monday morning, was a delegate to the first Pan-American Congress in Washington in 1890. In that gathering he displayed the knowledge of international law which later made him generally known, even before he rose to the Argentine Presidency. It is worthy of note that his colleague at Washington, Señor Quintana, also became President. A reasonably good friend of the United States, Señor Peña stood up robustly for his own country, and for what he believed to be the conception that ought to rule the intercourse of the world—particularly the relations between North and South America. His recent characterization of the Monroe Doctrine as highly elastic—in fact, a "rubber doctrine"—had more of humor in it than we are accustomed to expect from Spanish-American publicists; nor will many deny that there was also truth in it.

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ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

It was inevitable that England should be drawn into the war. No British Government that had held back under the circumstances could have lived a day. Once more we have the grim irony of history, that a Liberal Ministry, pledged to peace and devoted to domestic reforms, should be forced to enter into war.

The motives, as well as the rights and wrongs of this action, will be endlessly debated. But it is the direct results of it upon which the world's attention is now fastened. That it has radically changed the whole nature of the war, simple inspection is enough to show. It is not merely the fact of another first-class Power joining with France and Russia against Germany. The significant thing is the kind and weight of resources which England brings to the alliance. It may easily be the case that some future Admiral Mahan will write a book on "Sea Power," in which the events soon to occur will furnish new illustrations of the old theme. Concerning the outcome of the actual naval battles of which we shall shortly hear, we make no predictions. There are too many untried experiments in modern war at sea, too many unknown elements, to make it possible for even the highest naval experts to be sure of what will happen. We know how recently Admiral Percy Scott, the recognized authority on gunnery in the English navy, has expressed his doubts concerning the utility of the Dreadnoughts. Admiral Mahan himself, with the modesty of a man who knows all there is to be known about modern ships and guns—and also knows how large our ignorance about them necessarily is—refrains from making any positive forecasts. Even in so technical a matter as the effects of gun-fire, he admits that the naval world is much in the dark, and declares that we shall have to wait for the test of battle before we shall know whether the "all-big-gun" ships are a mistake or not. All these matters are still behind the screen.

What all can see, however, is the fact that England's entrance into the struggle will make some enormous differences. It will tend, for one thing, to shorten the war; since the vast forces engaged, and the tremendous efforts required to maintain them, will the sooner lead to exhaustion and the necessity of making peace. But there is one important respect in which the full exercise of British sea power will prove not only of military advantage to England's allies, but of speedy and mighty benefit to the now prostrate ocean commerce of the world. What we mean is this. Whether the German navy be destroyed, crippled, or simply bottled up by the joint navies of France and England, the sea-routes to both France and England will soon be made reasonably safe for trading vessels. Only here and there can a German cruiser keep to the sea. On the other hand, England and France will be able to release a great number of cruisers to act as convoys to merchant ships. It is to be expected, therefore, that we shall very soon see the ocean highways available for trade. What this will mean, in the way of sinews of war, to both France and England, especially with the German mercantile marine swept from the sea, it is needless to point out. But we in this country may find solid reason for encouragement in the prospect that our own blockaded foreign trade may in a few weeks be restored to something like its normal proportions.

Whatever may be the real and deeply underlying reasons for England's going to war with Germany, it cannot be denied that she had a sound reason, under international law. By invading Belgium Germany was violating a treaty to which all the European Powers had set their hand and seal, and in the observance of which England had a peculiar and even vital interest. She was thus well within her legal rights in asking both France and Germany whether they would respect the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium. But the military plans of Germany could not then be changed. She admitted, through her Chancellor, that she was going counter to the law of nations, and made anxious profession of her purpose to "rectify the injustice," as the German Chancellor phrased it, after the war was over; and in her natural desire to keep England neutral, undertook to give the most formal promise never to annex any portion of Belgium. This promise, coming from an avowed treaty-breaker, was received for what it was worth by the House of Commons—that is, received with jeers. Thus Germany, in order to snatch the military advantage of a march on France through Belgian territory, brought upon herself the immense military disadvantage of adding England to the countries with which she is at war.

That the German Foreign Office quickly perceived the blunder of driving England into hostilities, is evident from the great efforts it made—when too late—to secure British neutrality. The offer after offer, and bid after bid, which poured in upon London from Berlin in the critical days, July 30 to August 5, were the plainest sort of confession that German diplomacy was aware of its own oversight in not having made sure of the position of England before declaring war upon Russia and France. It is impossible to imagine Bismarck allowing war to be begun without having first made his diplomatic combinations. It was his fear of powerful alliances against Germany which induced him to veto Moltke's proposal to seize an occasion in 1867 to attack France. There is a Bismarck statue in Berlin, but it is all too plain that it has no living Bismarck. To press all the details of the approaches and appeals made by Germany to the British Government would be unfair. We have, as yet, only the English account of them. Sir Edward Grey's counter-proposals, if any were made, have not yet been published officially. But enough is known—enough lies on the surface—to make it certain that, however it may have been with the German army—the German navy has speedily been rendered immobile—German diplomacy went into the war strangely unprepared.

THE REAL CRIME AGAINST GERMANY.

We have received protests from a number of German sympathizers against the attitude adopted by the *Nation* in fixing the responsibility for the war in Europe mainly upon the Kaiser. We are assured that this is a holy war into which Germany has been forced against her will; that she is the only bulwark between the rising tide of Slavism and the endangered civilization of Western Europe, and, therefore, that enlightened sentiment the world over should side with her as against the aggressions of the Powers like England and France, whose real motives are jealousy and envy of the wonderful commercial growth of the Kaiser's Empire.

The *Nation* has always entertained and expressed the highest admiration for the German people, but never for the Germany of the Kaiser. We have never believed that a people of essentially noble quality should be subject to the will of an autocratic king or emperor, however enlightened he may be, or however ardent a guardian of peace during a long period of years. Never have we upheld the Germany of the mailed fist, of the autocracy of militarism; against its excesses, its encroachments upon civil rights, its assertion that it constitutes a sacrosanct caste superior to any other, we have protested in season and out of season. We have long seen in this swashbuckling, overbearing attitude of the militarists, and particularly in the activities of such a body as the German Navy League, a grave menace to the

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peace of Europe. We have never had the least admiration for a Kaiser who vows that he rules by divine right and not by popular consent; and we cannot now uphold a form of government which denies to masses of its population the right of the franchise.

It is another Germany which we have been proud to recognize and acclaim—the Germany of high aspirations and noble ideals, the Germany of intellectual freedom, the Germany to whose spiritual leadership every nation the world over is deeply in debt. Its flag has meant to us the flag of scientific knowledge planted furthest north in more fields of mental and governmental activity than is perhaps any other. It is the country of Fichte, of Kant and Hegel, of Schiller and Goethe, of Körner and his fellow-champions of German liberty in the wars for freedom just a century ago; of Carl Schurz and Siegel and Kinkel and their revolutionary comrades of 1848; of Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner; of Lessing, of Mommsen, of Helmholtz and Siemens and all the rest of the intellectual heroes who have been and are the real glories of the Germany for which we have entertained so profound a respect. We have realized, too, the splendid qualities which have made of Germany a foremost trading nation and have watched with amazement, like all the world, her rapid commercial conquest of the seas and the four quarters of the globe. Yet, after all, it is to the Germany that has done so much for our own university life and for our intellectual and artistic development that hosts of Americans have been profoundly attached.

Against this Germany the war into which it has been so recklessly plunged is nothing short of a crime. Whether victory or national disaster come out of it all, the intellectual and spiritual growth of the nation is checked for no one knows how long. The fine flower of its youth is to be immolated by a ruler whose signature to a single order signed their death-warrant. No consent of the people's parliament is asked; no time taken for angry passions to cool. Out of this war can come only another heritage of hatred and bitterness, of sorrow and suffering. The mighty commercial edifice erected by German enterprise and toil is already crashing to the ground. Ruin already claims tens of thousands. Germany's merchant fleet is being swept off the ocean. Her internal development is at an end; her schools and universities are idle; the whole nation is being brutalized and, through the hot haste of the Kaiser, Russia and France and Belgium as well.

Is it any wonder that true friends of Germany cry out against all this from the depths of their affection for her? That they protest against the sophisms of a Münsterberg and of all those who would suddenly see in this horrible slaughtering of the true Germany a new crusade against the heathen? For ourselves we can only say that the one consolation in it all is that, if humanity is not to retrograde unspeakably, absolutism must pay for this denial of Christianity. Out of the ashes must come a new Germany, in which democracy shall rule, in which no one man and no group of professional man-killers shall have the power to plunge the whole world into mourning.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.

One of the surprises which Germany has had in this war is the failure of Italy to act as it was supposed that she would as a member of the Triple Alliance. It is clear that Austria and Germany expected her to come forward promptly as an ally in arms. No one supposed that she would do more than make a military demonstration in force on the French frontier, or possibly send an army into Albania, but as much as that would have been of great value to the German General Staff. One of the objects of the German Foreign Office in making so great an effort to throw the onus of aggression upon France was unquestionably to induce Italy to believe that it was a clear *casus fœderis*—that is, that Germany had been attacked, and that Italy was bound by treaty to come to her aid. But the Italian Government has declined to accept that view. It does not concede that the war which Germany is waging is defensive.

When Europe first learned of Italy's joining the Triple Alliance, there was great astonishment. How could Bismarck possibly have induced the Italians to clasp hands, for any purpose, with their hereditary enemies and oppressors, the Austrians? There was much ill-informed talk about the arts of flattery having been used. Italy was seduced by the compliment of being invited to enter the circle of the great European Powers. But this was an absurd explanation. The statesmen in Rome, as well as those in Berlin, must have seen a definite national advantage in the Alliance, else they would not have gone into it. Why Bismarck turned to Italy, he plainly set forth. He had her in mind originally as an annex to the League of the Three Emperors. That was because Italy was "monarchical." It was the monarchical principle which he desired to exalt as against any possible republican tendency. Later, when the Czar dropped out of the *Dreikaiserbund* and threw himself into the arms of France, Bismarck took up with Italy almost perforce, as the only possible country to be drawn into an alliance at once with Germany and Austria.

What did Italy stand to gain by the Triple Alliance? The burdens which it entailed upon her were obvious. She had to spend more money on armaments. The Germans were always nudging her about the size and efficiency of her army. And there was the constant peril that she might be involved in a war in which she had no direct stake. But there was at least one great national interest, as the Italians regarded it, which would be furthered by Italy's membership in the Triple Alliance. It would be a check to French expansion in North Africa. Supported by Austria and Germany, the Italian Government would have a free hand in pursuing, when the time came, their own cherished plans for planting Italian colonies in the African possessions of the Sultan. The war in Tripoli furnished the long-awaited opportunity, and, by so much, justified the sacrifices which Italy had made in behalf of the Triple Alliance. Gladstone, who was certainly a true and proved friend of Italy, writing to Labouchere in 1891 about the Triple Alliance, observed: "What a little surprises me is that the Italians should not better understand the frailty of the foundation on which, I fear, they have built their hopes." But Italians to-day would point to their African acquisitions as the warrant for what they had done and dared. And now that they have come to a friendly agreement with France touching North Africa, and signed a convention establishing mutually the rights of Italian residents in Tunis and of French residents in Libya, they may well feel that the greatest of the objects which they had before them in joining the Triple Alliance has been completely attained.

This being so, the Italian Government, in coming to the momentous decision how to interpret its present treaty obligations, and how to shape the course of Italy in the existing war, may easily be imagined to have turned to the pages of the great Italian master of statecraft. In particular may it have read with attention the famous eighteenth chapter of "Il Principe," in which is discussed the question in what way states are to observe treaties (*la fede*). It will be remembered that the Florentine Secretary lays it down flat that a prince, if he is truly "prudente," need not live up to treaty obligations when he finds that they will injure him

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(*gli torni contro*), or when the objects which he had in making the treaty are attained. Both these things Italy might allege to-day of the Triple Alliance, though we do not intimate that she would think of boldly avowing the doctrines of Machiavelli. If it came, however, to recriminations between her and Germany on the subject of treaty-breaking, the Italian Foreign Minister might naturally be moved to quote the following from the very close of chapter xviii of "Il Principe": "There is a prince of the present time, whom it is best not to name, who preaches nothing but peace and good faith, but is of both the deadly enemy."

INEFFICIENCY AND REFORM OF THE COURTS.

At a time when the wide dissatisfaction with our legal and judicial system is largely manifested in belief that procedural reform is the one panacea, the preliminary report to the National Economic League on "Efficiency in the Administration of Justice" should serve as a needed corrective. Charles W. Eliot, Louis D. Brandeis, Moorfield Storey, and the other committeemen who have given the subject a year's study, report that new practice acts and court rules cannot touch the root of the difficulty. No less than three remedies commend themselves to the committee as of more primary importance: a reform in the choice and tenure of judges; a change in the organization of the judicial system, with particular attention to its unification; and a general elevation of the training and traditions of the bar. "Except and until these matters are attended to," in the words of the investigating committee, "the best practice act the wit of man can devise will fail. If they are attended to, an inferior practice act may be made very tolerable." This finding, moreover, follows so close an examination of the shortcomings of the courts in their three main fields—the interpretation of the law, its application to litigated causes, and its enforcement in criminal cases—and is shown to be so practical in nature that it carries general conviction. Its essential point, that the standard of the judiciary and of the practicing profession must be raised, is based on an historical survey of American courts.

The classical and constructive period of the American bench was that preceding 1850—the era of Kent and Story, Marshall and Shaw; and this, as the Committee says, was the period of appointive courts. The innovation of the elective judiciary, prevailing everywhere outside New England, brought in a mediocre and technical judiciary. Its reaction has been especially damaging in the field of the interpretation of the statutes. Under our system of judicial power, almost everything turns on the strength, capacity, and learning of the judge. He must be an expert; and the people have shown themselves markedly incompetent in either selecting experts or keeping them in office. A comparison of the illiberal and wrongheaded decisions on contracts of the Illinois and Missouri Supreme Courts since 1880 with those of Massachusetts or the United States on the same subject, is eloquent. A contrast of the same kind could be drawn between the judicial application of the Massachusetts practice act and that of the New York code of 1848. Those States in which interpretation of the law has been best are those in which the bar has had the most influence in the choice of judges. How this expert influence can be strengthened, how the judiciary may again be made appointive in certain cases, and how electoral sentiment may be made insistent on strong individual judges, are problems requiring urgent solution. The arousal of public feeling should be inevitable under a continuance of the rejection of social legislation by many State courts. Necessarily, a stronger, more expertly chosen judiciary means a better field of lawyers and an elevation of bar requirements; and here the second recommendation to the League comes into play. The final cause of bad legal interpretation which it notices is our poor legislative technique, and it looks to our legislative reference bureaus as a promising mitigation.

The need of a better court organization is especially evident in the disposition of litigated cases, and it is a matter so large that the question of procedure is included in it. Our inherited English court system, with the demand in rural America of 1800-1850 for decentralizing justice and bringing it to every man's door, is well known to have given us a system of specialized local courts instead of specialist judges, and of hard and fast court staffs which may not be shifted even from one tribunal empty of business to another choked with arrears. The rapid rotation of judges prevents any one man from acquiring a thorough experience with one class of business, and resulting facility of action. Another form of waste is the frequent treatment of controversies in part in one court, in part in another, with resulting conflicts or maladjustments. The multiplication of tribunals to meet our new problems of industrial and urban communities, and the great increase of litigation involved in the recent expansion of commerce, industry, and population, have aggravated the situation until State reorganization is in many places indispensable. The report recommends, instead of the old specialized courts, the institution of a unified court system with specialist judges. Some one high official of this system should be charged with supervision of the judicial business of the whole court, and enabled to control calendars, distribute business, transfer cases, and reassign judges. Such a plan, it is clear, means a wholesale revolution of our State courts in the interest of centralized simplicity. But the Committee points out that it would assist in the organization of the clerical side of the courts, now equally confused, and that it would permit a frontal attack on bad procedure. There is too much hard and fast rule in procedure, too much "record" worship, too much formal pleading, too many trials and retrials, and too frequent a throwing of causes out of court when a transfer would save the proceedings already undertaken.

One fact in support of the report's attack on our organization for litigation will occur to every one—the difficulties of many municipal courts in adjusting themselves to State systems. Chicago and Cleveland have centralized the administration of their own "petty" causes; and this is, in miniature and in makeshift form, what should be done in many States as a whole. But this bad organization is not found so closely connected with judicial inefficiency in enforcing the law, as distinguished from applying it. Here a primary cause is the weakening of public interest and initiative in the carrying out of criminal enactments. For one thing, a diversity of interests in different parts of the State often leads to the imposition of laws by one section, and their resistance by a second. For another, there is constant fear of political oppression through the criminal law, and frequent class suspicion of some phases of enforcement. To the political aspects of criminal justice the report traces many of the shortcomings of the courts; and few communities have not had public prosecutors who were spectacular when the general conscience was aroused, and sluggish when they feared offending powerful interests. One reform is legislation permitting a public examination of accused persons under proper safeguards. But with crime, as in the two other fields, we come back to a better selection of judges, who shall be guaranteed a longer tenure, and to the raising of qualifications for the bar, as the most essential steps.

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JULES LEMAITRE.

In the death of Jules Lemaître on August 6 French impressionistic criticism has lost its most sparkling leader. Born in 1853 in an obscure provincial village near Orléans, M. Lemaître taught in obscurity as a hard-working professor of literature at Havre, Algiers, Besançon, and Grenoble before he was brought into prominence by the famous criticism on Renan. "Renan est gai," he kept repeating ironically in his vivid description of the great Semitic scholar's lecture-room; "but M. Renan has not the right to be gay; he can be so only by the most audacious or the most blind of inconsistencies. Even as Macbeth murdered sleep, so M. Renan twenty times, a hundred times, in every one of his books has murdered joy, murdered action, murdered spiritual peace and the tranquillity of the moral life."

Thereafter, following Francisque Sarcey and J. J. Weiss, M. Lemaître became one of the most influential of the Parisian literary and dramatic critics, writing for the *Journal des Débats*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Revue Bleue*. Unlike Brunetière, whose interest centred in the classical writers of the seventeenth century, M. Lemaître loved the ultra-moderns. "I so love the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century," he exclaimed with characteristic sensitiveness and sympathy, "that at times it makes me quiver with delight and feel the pleasure penetrating to my very marrow. I love it even down to all its affectations and follies and extravagances, the germs of which I find in myself. . . . Is it a fault in me that I like better to re-read a chapter of Renan than a sermon of Bossuet?" This is the keynote of his first period—before the Dreyfus Affair. At that critical time, lacking definite inner standards of his own, Lemaître swung over more towards authority, Rome, and reaction. He became an active nationalist, entered into political life which he did not thoroughly understand, and expressed political views in books which did not add to his reputation. The effect of this rather unfortunate break in his career was to make him more serious and more religious, and to throw him back more to classical writers. So, during the last few years of his second period, he lectured at the Sorbonne and wrote volumes on Rousseau (1907), Racine (1908), Fénelon (1910), and Chateaubriand (1912). In 1911 he was appropriately chosen to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the Bossuet monument at Meaux; there he took occasion to quote with approval Bossuet's protest in one of his great orations against the arrogance of the so-called "free-thinkers" of his day.

Lemaître marked the revolt against the "scientific" criticism of Taine, and the harsh dogmatic classifications and classical disdain of Brunetière. Rejecting their erudite and ambitious generalizations, he preferred to rest his criticism on intuition. He was a champion of relativity and pluralism, and akin intellectually to Anatole France and Bergson. "What impression does a piece make on me personally?" That was his touchstone. He approached an author with a genial sympathy instead of with a preconceived formula. He could completely surrender himself to receive an impression. In the case of a writer whom he liked, he could surrender himself so completely as to identify himself, as it were, with the writer; so that the writer's faults gave him real pain as if they were his own. Brunetière condemned Flaubert's "Bouvard et Pécuchet"; Lemaître read it with delight, in spite of its faults (which he admitted), because it was Flaubert—and he liked Flaubert. So, too, he wrote a delicious critique on George Ohnet, when the literary "mandarins" disdained to notice an author whose novels were selling by the half-million while their own works sold only by the thousand. He laid bare the business-like way in which Ohnet wrote to please the bourgeoisie, whose wants the popular novelist could gauge and satisfy as easily as a grocer reads his scales and sells sugar. He dissected Ohnet's plots and revealed them to be merely the old familiar ones which every one had always used. Ohnet was simply feeding the successful, stupid merchant, who seeks literary culture, and supposes he is getting it when Ohnet offers him the beauty of the chromo, the optimism of the simpleton, the discrimination of the concierge's daughter, and the sentimentality of the Sea Side library. In short, M. Lemaître showed Ohnet to be "la triple essence de banalité"; but he gave him the full credit due for being a very shrewd and clever purveyor for the crowd, though never an æsthetic artist creating for the lettered few.

Lemaître himself wrote novels and dramas which showed good observation of human nature, delicacy of analysis, and clever construction; but it is upon the literary and dramatic criticism in "Les Contemporains" (seven volumes, 1885-99) and "Impressions de Théâtre" (ten volumes, 1888-98), and upon the studies in literary biography noted above that his permanent fame will rest. He did not attempt to impose any literary doctrine, found any philosophy, or draw any wide-reaching conclusions in regard to contemporary French literature. But he expressed brilliantly and charmingly the sincere and instructive impressions which literature made upon an unusually sensitive, subtle, and sympathetic nature.

GENIUS AND GEOGRAPHY.

Where do America's native men and women of distinction come from? What sections produce most of them? These questions, by no means new, are subjected to unusual tests by Dr. Scott Nearing in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The title of the article in which they are discussed is "The Geographical Distribution of American Genius." Genius is a big word. By it Dr. Nearing means nothing more phenomenal than sufficient prominence to cause the publishers of "Who's Who in America" to write to you for particulars regarding yourself which the world hitherto has somehow managed to get along without. In the year 1913 there were just 18,794 such persons in this country. Dr. Nearing does not maintain that every one of these are gifted with the divine fire. He hazards the assertion that there are omissions, and likewise that names are included which are not exactly distinguished. But these imperfections, he thinks, do not seriously affect his conclusions.

The first fact to be established is the familiar one that New England has a lead in the number of eminent men and women in proportion to population that is "little short of phenomenal." With less than a fourteenth of the population of the United States, that section has been the birthplace of almost a fourth of the native-born of distinction living in 1913. The Middle Atlantic States come next, with a fifth of the population, and somewhat less than a third of the distinguished. Then follow the East North Central States, where the proportions are almost equal. In the remaining sections, the percentage of population is above the percentage of eminent natives, the South Atlantic States making the best effort to equalize them. But Dr. Nearing is not content to leave the matter here. Changes in population have been rapid in recent decades, and the supremacy of New England must be tested by more careful analysis. We must know when these distinguished persons of 1913 were born, and what the proportion of population in the various sections was at that time, or, rather, those times.

This recasting of the figures is all the more necessary as it turns out that "a sur-

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prisingly large number" of our Immortals of 1913 were born before 1850. Only one in a hundred was born after 1880, only fourteen in a hundred after 1870. More than a fourth of the total number were born prior to 1850. Arranging our eminent natives by decades according to date of birth and taking the population of the various sections of the country for such periods, we find that up to 1880 New England's ratio between distinguished natives and population was steadily ahead of that of any other section. The Middle Atlantic and East North Central States also presented, for virtually the entire time between 1850 and 1880, a larger proportion of eminent natives than of population. As a further test, we may limit the figures of population to the native-born whites, omitting the negroes for the benefit of the South and the foreign-born for the benefit of certain sections of the North. But this only increases New England's lead. Every one of her States, from Maine to Connecticut, had in 1880 a larger percentage of eminent natives to native whites than the country at large had. Vermont led New England, and Rhode Island, the last New England State in this respect, led New York, the nearest rival, by a margin of 30 per cent.

But about 1880 a change began to set in, for when the figures are cast up for 1890 New England is found to have relinquished her lead in favor of the Middle Atlantic section. Her long diminishing proportion of the population is at last reflected in a diminished proportion of eminent natives. During the decade 1880-90, New England's percentage of the total population declined 7 per cent., but her percentage of eminent natives born during the decade was 35 per cent. below that for the decade preceding. The Middle Atlantic section, on the other hand, virtually stood still in percentage of total population, but increased the birth-rate of its eminent natives by no less than 50 per cent. Just why this should have taken place, either in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century or at all, Dr. Nearing does not attempt to explain. One may guess that the continued loss of enterprising sons and daughters by emigration may have had something to do with it, and it was inevitable that the growth of the newer portions of the country would lessen the gap between them and her, if only by providing them with native officials. But it would require a special investigation to ascertain all the causes of her decline, and even then there would remain for the ambitious a difficulty as great as that of choosing one's parents; the difficulty, namely, of selecting one's birthplace.

Chronicle of the War

Even the exact status of the belligerent Powers and their relations one to another have been until recently, and to some extent still remain, extremely confused. The Powers actively engaged in the war up to the present are eight in number: France, England, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Servia, and Montenegro. In effect, Germany and Austria-Hungary are fighting the rest of the Powers, but technically the situation is more complicated. Thus, until Monday, Germany was at war with Russia, France, England, and Belgium, and Austria was at war with Russia and Servia, but not with France or England, and the Ambassadors of Austria remained in London and Paris. This anomalous situation was simplified on Monday, when Austrian troops were massed on the Swiss border and France, demanding to know the intentions of the Dual Monarchy and receiving no reply, formally declared war. Up to the time of writing diplomatic relations are not yet severed between Great Britain and Austria. Bellicose Montenegro formally joined the fray by declaring war on Austria on Saturday, and on the same day Portugal, in reply to an inquiry from Germany as to her intentions, announced that she would place herself unconditionally on the side of Great Britain, according to the terms of an old treaty between the two countries. Servia also declared war on Germany on Saturday.

As we point out elsewhere, such European diplomacy as has not been shattered by war has centred at Rome, and the reluctance of various Powers to make a formal declaration of war may be traced to a desire, on the part of Austria, to draw Italy into the fray as a member of the Triple Alliance; on the part of France, to enable Italy to maintain her declared neutrality. The terms of the Triple Alliance would demand Italy's support in case of Austria and Germany being attacked. The view that Italy has taken, however, and evidently intends to stand by, is that her partners in the alliance are the aggressors. In view of recent news, and particularly that of the bombardment of Antivari, in Montenegro, by Austria, it would not be surprising if Italy were eventually forced into war on the side of her more natural ally, France.

Holland has so far been able to maintain her neutrality, and there have even been rumors, which must be accepted with great reserve, and are probably due only to the fact that the sole news from Berlin has come by way of Amsterdam, that a tacit understanding has been reached between Holland and Germany. In view of the popular Dutch dislike of Germany, such an agreement appears improbable. In the Far East, China has declared her neutrality, but Japan, while remaining neutral for the present and supporting the President of the United States in his offer of mediation, has made plain her intention to uphold British interests in the Far East, in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

War between Great Britain and Germany was declared by both countries almost simultaneously on the evening of August 4. Preparations in England were already far advanced, and as we write mobilization is almost complete. Lord Kitchener has been appointed Minister of War, and Sir John French Inspector-General of the forces. Immediately on war being declared, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, in command of the British fleet in the North Sea, was instructed to "capture or destroy the enemy." So far there has been no general engagement between the British and the German fleets, nor is their exact position known. Apparently the German fleet is hugging the harbors in the neighborhood of Heligoland, and the British fleet is faced with the task of keeping it inactive and of repelling attacks by torpedo boats. Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced in the House of Commons on Friday the destruction by torpedo-boat destroyers of the German mine-layer Königin Luise, and the loss of the small British cruiser Amphion, which was blown up by a mine. These events happened on August 5.

Interest in the campaign by land has centred in the German operations in Belgium and the French invasion of Alsace. The German advance into Belgium began on August 4. On the following day the villages of Visé and Argenteau were taken, and the attack on Liège was commenced. The German troops that have been engaged in the operations around Liège are the Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth Army Corps. The resistance offered by the Belgian troops was obviously not provided for in the German plan of striking quickly at France through Belgium. Even if we assume that the invasion of Belgium was intended rather as a screening movement, the moral effect of the reverses which the German forces have suffered must be regarded as serious. The exact extent of those reverses cannot even now be accurately ascertained. Severe fighting took place during the last four days of last week, and an official report from Paris put the German losses as high as 25,000. A more conservative estimate, however, should probably be adopted. The German infantry apparently attacked with considerable courage, but little observance of the lessons taught particularly by the Boer War. Attacking in close formation, they were mown down by the gunfire from the Belgian forts, which seems to have been astonishingly accurate. An incident of the attack was a charge by Uhlans, who penetrated the city as far as the Rue Sainte Foie, and were then cut to pieces. In the battle on August 5 the Germans are said to have abandoned seventeen machine guns. German troops finally took possession of the city of Liège on August 8, but the forts still hold out, and are said to be well provisioned and armed, and capable of withstanding a siege.

On Saturday came the news that a French army had crossed the German frontier into Alsace and had entered Mülhausen, an important town of 90,000 inhabitants. No serious defence appears to have been offered by the German troops to the occupation of Mülhausen, but a sharp fight had previously taken place at Altkirch, near the Swiss frontier. The French losses in the fighting there are officially stated not to have exceeded 100 killed and wounded. The German troops were stated on Monday to have inundated the Seille valley, between Metz and Nancy, to hinder the advance of the French, but the quantity of the water was insufficient to prevent the French forward movement. Skirmishes have taken place all along the French

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front, but nothing that can be described as a battle has as yet occurred. Details of the French advance are kept closely guarded by the Government.

Mobilization in France has practically been completed, as is indicated by the reported improvement of the ordinary train service. Beyond stating the fact that a French army is in Belgium, going either to the relief of Liège or to meet the German army of invasion at some point, such as Louvain, between Liège and Brussels, it is difficult to speak with confidence. It may be assumed, however, that the army is in two divisions, the one advancing from Tournoi and the other along the Meuse by way of Namur. There seems to be no doubt, either, that British troops have been landed in France, and are proceeding to the relief of the Belgians; but beyond an isolated dispatch telling of the landing of 22,000 English troops, no information has come on this point.

It is impossible to speak with any confidence of what is likely to be the development of the German attack. As we write it is reported that the plan still is to deliver the main attack through Belgium, and that Brussels will be the next objective. The movement of German troops in Luxemburg, however, appears to be worth watching. There they are in close proximity to Metz and to the battlegrounds of 1870-71. Their scouts have already crossed the frontier into France. Of the numbers of the German troops in Luxemburg, or, indeed, elsewhere, one cannot even form an estimate.

Russian mobilization is not yet complete, a fact which doubtless accounts for the unexpected appearance of some 30,000 Austrian troops on the Swiss border, near Basle, who have come to reinforce the German army in Luxemburg. This would seem to indicate that Austria shares the views of Germany, that a quick and decisive blow must be struck at France before Russia is ready to take the field. Russian troops, however, have crossed the Austrian frontier, for an official dispatch dated August 11, from St. Petersburg, tells of a skirmish between Austrians and Russians at Zalotche, in Austrian Galicia. On the other hand, a dispatch from Vienna of the same date says that Austrian troops have occupied Miechow, in Russian Poland, ten miles within the border. Reports have come from several sources of the bombardment early last week of the Russian fortress of Sveaborg, on the Gulf of Finland, by a German squadron.

The quarrel between Austria-Hungary and Servia, which was the original cause of this monstrous tramping of legions across Europe, has been somewhat lost sight of in the vista of the larger issues which have been presented. So far as can be gathered from meagre and severely censored dispatches, it would appear that but little progress has been made with the Austrian invasion of Servia. The bombardment of Belgrade has apparently been continued, but that the Servians can contemplate with equanimity. One report last week had it that there was not an Austrian left in Servia; another dispatch, which may doubtless be accepted as reliable, says that Servia has taken the offensive, and there have been reports of skirmishes in the neighborhood of Visigrad, in Bosnia.

Foreign Correspondence

ON THE BRINK OF WAR—AWAITING THE KAISER'S WORD—PREPARATIONS IN SWITZERLAND—AN EXODUS OF TRAVELLERS.

PARIS, July 31.

I wish to describe the sensations which the near danger of war produces among peaceful peoples. In five days' time I have shared such sensations in France and in Switzerland with men of many minds and interests. What I may say will come after events have decided whether it is to be peace or war; but it will relate what the cable cannot transmit. Briefly, I have had to go back myself to the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 and to what I remember from my childhood during our Civil War to find anything like the emotion prevalent here.

I had to go from Paris to Lausanne, in Switzerland—a matter of ten hours by train—on the day when Austria's ultimatum to Servia expired. There was no immediate alarm as yet, and no skurrying to and fro of distracted travellers, as there has been since. The action of Austria exasperated persons of every nationality, because it threatened to disturb their summer plans, and because they were already depressed by the long stretch of bad weather. But every one, without exception, was honest enough to acknowledge that individual Servians—to put the mildest construction on what has happened—had been very trying.

People had not forgotten the murder of their King and Queen eleven years ago, nor the assassination of the heir of the Austro-Hungarian throne and his wife. If President Wilson was right in refusing to recognize government constituted by assassination in Mexico, then Emperor Francis Joseph had the right to see that Servia does not shelter the assassins of his heir. I have found this impression general among Frenchmen, who sympathize most with Russia's desire to prevent the annihilation of Servian independence.

A second impression, from the start, has been that Russia cannot yield yet again to the high-handed Austrian methods of dealing with Servia and Montenegro. If the great White Czar cannot protect his brother Slavs against the suppression of their race, then the hour of Russia's abdication in Europe has come. This is not far-fetched talk to Frenchmen, as it may seem to Americans. Without defining the exact limits of the Franco-Russian alliance, even the man in the street knows that, if the conflict spreads to war between Russia and Austria over Servia, it will be all but impossible that Germany and France should not be drawn into the struggle.

This has worked up the popular consciousness of French and Swiss and Italians to the fact that the peace of Europe or a general war within a week depends on the will of one man—Kaiser Wilhelm. Because he is an enigma, because he put aside—perhaps very properly—the propositions of Sir Edward Grey for an international peace-persuading palaver, because his Ambassador plainly notified France that any help given to Russia in case of the latter's intervention would find Germany standing beside Austria—it is because of all this that every one I see around me, French and Swiss and Italians and Germans themselves, are walking about in what yesterday's *Secolo*, of Milan, calls "eccitazione grandissima."

The sober, unsensational *Journal de Genève* says this with more authority than I can give it: "In this extremity of danger, all eyes are turned to the German Emperor. The *Novoie Vremia* (in St. Petersburg) adjures him to hold back Austria—if there is still time—from the act which may set all Europe in flames. The *Temps* (in Paris) puts its hope also in William the Second. More than ever before, he is master of the hour. Often he has declared that his intentions are invariably for peace. More than once he has given his proofs, particularly in 1913 for the treaty of Bucharest. Governments have faith in him—and the peoples, too. We wait for the gesture from him which can still stop short a catastrophe that would be little less frightful for the conquerors than for the conquered."

It is a long time since the chief of any race of men has heard words like that. When this is read, the world will know whether it is to tremble or rejoice at the nod of this new Alexander.

I have found the Swiss more upset by what is going on than the French. All the young men I meet are sure they are going to war in a week—that is, to march to defend the neutrality of their frontiers. The boots and the porter of the hotel, and the house-agent's clerk, from whom I am renting a villa for an American of Paris, all have the same conviction. They say: "The French army will march across us to take the offensive against Germany; and Germany is all ready to cross the Rhine into Basle against the French; and they will fight their battles in our valleys!"

I have my doubts, though it seems a Swiss general has shown it all in a book. At any rate, these young fellows are all resolved to fight both parties impartially.

The Swiss, of all others, have the first and foremost reasons to dread war. They live on summer travel, and the mere threat of war is driving away their customers. One mountain hotel-keeper says he will have to close in a few days if there is no change. "First, all my Austrians left together; then the Germans went; now the French are going, and the Americans have stopped coming."

It is worse than this. If you are in Switzerland, how are you going to get back to Paris? Trains are already held up in Lyons, in case they should be needed for mobilization and transport of troops. How are you going to get money from Paris? For that matter, Swiss banks give out no more gold, but only the big silver five-franc piece, like a United States dollar. And if you are in Paris, must you lay in hams and canned goods and such for fear no provisions will reach the city? Already grocers refuse to change your fifty-franc banknotes ($10), unless you buy ten francs' worth of foodstuffs.

All this may be the midsummer madness of a war-scare, but it is very real to people on the brink of war. Besides the material bother, often equivalent to financial disaster, there are innumerable anxious emotions of flesh and blood. A doctor of the reserve bids me good-by and he leaves for sudden service. An automobilist of the general staff is awaiting orders to join his post. And the wives are dissolved in tears. If war comes, their husbands may not come back—for, indeed, "War is hell," and pacifism does not seem to be of much account.

S. D.

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A Duke Among the Wits

PART ONE:—WHARTON AN EXAMPLE OF THE PASSION OF VANITY; HIS LIFE AS POLITICIAN AND MAN OF THE WORLD.

To those who admit an acquaintance with the wits of Queen Anne and her successor, the Duke of Wharton has been a portentous but rather vague figure. An idea of the man had, indeed, been fixed in their minds once for all by one of Pope's terrible portraits:

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
. . . . . .
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

That is a portrait done in everlasting encaustic; but of the actual features of the man himself we knew comparatively little, and might reasonably doubt whether the limner drew from the life or from a fancy of his own fertile and malignant brain. In a memoir published in 1896, Mr. J. R. Robinson gave a fairly interesting sketch of Wharton's career, and now the busy pen of Mr. Lewis Melville has supplemented that work with a fuller narrative containing a number of hitherto unpublished letters.* It is the habit of Mr. Melville to be somewhat lenient to the subject he has in mind, but, however Pope may have deepened the shadows, it still appears that no essay, and indeed no biography, of Wharton can do much more than offer a running commentary on the traits we have known from the beginning.

I.

If any man of that age exemplified by his actions the current philosophy of the ruling passion, it was his Grace of Wharton. And whether that passion displayed itself as the vanity of a man of no character to win honor in the game of politics, difficult always, doubly difficult in those days, or as the itching of a high-born nobleman to shine in the still more deadly battle of the wits, it was all, as Pope said, for fear the knaves should call him fool.

As for his lack of character, he came to that by special inheritance as well as by the general dissoluteness of the period. Of an ancient family, his grandfather, Philip, fourth Baron Wharton (1613-1696), distinguished as "the good Lord Wharton," was able in the troubled years of the Rebellion to side with the popular cause, yet honorably to oppose the execution of the King and the usurpation of Cromwell. He succeeded also in combining great personal beauty and lavish display with the strict principles of a Covenanter. Philip's son Thomas (1648-1715), fifth baron and first marquis, went further in the treacherous art of contraries, being at once an incorruptible politician in the party of the Revolution and in private life a notorious rake. It could be said of him, apparently with truth,

Nor bribes nor threat'nings could his zeal abate,
To serve his country, and avert her fate.

Yet for his religion, he was well described by Swift as "an atheist grafted on a dissenter," while Harry Killegrew, one of Charles the Second's masters of ribaldry, could say to him, "You would not swear at that rate, if you thought you were doing God honor." And for his morals, Shaftesbury, an honest and fairly trustworthy reporter, summed them up in a few words: "If I ever expected any public good where virtue was wholly sunk, 'twas in his character: the most mysterious of any in my account, for this reason. But I have seen many proofs of this monstrous compound in him, of the very worst and best." The Marquis came into association with the later circle of wits by taking Addison with him as his private secretary when he went over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant. He was himself the author of that extraordinary bit of anti-papistical doggerel, the "Lillibullero," which, according to Burnet, had more political effect than the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero, and which my Uncle Toby, long after the battle of Namur, used to whistle to himself to keep up his courage.

Of this stock, diminishing in character by generations and increasing in *hybris*, our illustrious scamp was born, in the year 1698. Whatever else he lacked in training and inheritance, he was from the first prepared to exact the wonder of senates. "His father's care," according to a contemporary biographer, "was to form him a complete orator"; and to this end the lad was put into the hands of tutors who drilled him in literature and elocution. But not for long. At the age of sixteen he eloped with a girl, said to have been "without either family or fortune," and was married in the Fleet. That he was a tyrant to his wife, we have no other witness than Pope; but at least he soon abandoned her, and contrived to amuse himself without her for years. Six weeks after the marriage his father died, and the young Marquis, handsome, witty, but not wise, was left with no curb to his "unbridled excursions" save the hand of his guardians on the purse.

Very soon the boy was sent over to Geneva, with a Huguenot tutor, to study at a religious institution. Naturally he rebelled. He stopped long enough at Paris on the way to get into all kinds of mischief, and thither he escaped again, after a short experience of Swiss discipline, leaving with his tutor his Byronic pet and this not less Byronic note of farewell: "Being no longer able to bear with your ill-usage, I think proper to be gone from you. However, that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most sociable companion in the world that could be picked out for you." In Paris the truant gave himself up to reckless humor and Stuart politics. We first hear of him associating with a Mr. Gwynn, whom he meets at an English coffee-house, and the next day visits in a chamber up many stairs. "Sure, I hope this is not the way to heaven, for if it is, I'll run down stairs again," exclaims our budding wit. Gwynn was apparently abroad for the good of his country, and, with or without his help, the young scion of the Revolution and nursling of Whiggery is soon deeply engaged in the plots to bring James III back to his throne.

And so began the crooked search to obtain general praise in the medley of politics. The boy's beginnings were fair, and he seems to have been introduced immediately into the heart of those wild intrigues which were hatching at Paris and Avignon and which had already driven Bolingbroke from the party. Mr. Melville has printed a number of Wharton's letters from the Stuart Papers which show a surprising grasp of affairs in one so young, particularly a note to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, dated November 4, 1716, when our statesman was only eighteen years old. But no necessity of state could keep his tongue from wagging folly and his brain from plotting dangerous jokes. Only two days after the sober epistle to the Landgrave, the Earl of Southesk is writing to Mar, complaining that unless some one can restrain the young man's loose talk he will ruin himself to no purpose. And in the same month we get this account of him from a correspondent unnamed:

. . . Lord Wharton was at Lord Stair's on young Geordie's birthday. He proposed to drink confusion to the Tories, and that Liddesdale and Gardener would go to the Coffee-house and he and they would do as much there. When they came there, he cried, Here is confusion to the Whigs! What do you mean, my Lord? say they. —— —— you, says he; do you know I brought you here to get your heads broke? the Tories are too many for you here to drink any other health.

From such perils and plots his guardians delivered him for the time by cutting off his supplies and forcing him to return to England. He had lived lavishly and borrowed recklessly, even inducing the hard-pressed widow of James II to lend him £2,000. "I have pawned my principles," he said to a friend at home, "to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a considerable sum, and till I can repay him, I must be a Jacobite. When that is done, I will return to the Whigs."

*The Life and Writings of Philip Duke of Wharton. By Lewis Melville. New York: John Lane Company. $4.50 net.

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What his politics really were at this time, if he had any politics beyond the desire to be doing something, it would be hard to say. In December of 1716 he is writing to the Earl of Mar that he is ready with twenty men to proclaim James in Cheapside; a few months later he has taken his place in the Irish House of Lords at Dublin, and is doing good service for the Government. There is nothing peculiar in this. Most of the politicians of the age were trying to keep the peace with one King while serving the other; but they showed a certain discretion in their duplicity, whereas this young scapegrace had not even the conscience of concealment. One guesses that his real sympathies were with the King over the water, as was the prevailing fashion, for good reasons, among the greater wits of the day, but that the consciousness of talent and the craving for applause tempted him often, though not always, to play a part with the dominant, practical party. At any rate, as a reward for his loyalty in Ireland, the Government, on January 28, 1718, while he was still a minor, created him Duke of Wharton—an extraordinary honor. On February 18 the news is that "the Duke of Wharton has changed his side," and is voting with the other party.

II.

While in Ireland he met the exiled despot of the wits, who preached to him a better sermon than most of those he spoke from the pulpit. "You have had some capital frolics, my lord," Dean Swift is reported to have said to the bragging youth, "and let me recommend one to you. Take a frolic to be virtuous: take my word for it, that one will do you more honor than all the other frolics of your life." Whether the advice fell on heeding ears may be doubted, but, for some reason, on returning to England the Duke seems to have made a modest experiment in virtue. He fell "into the conversation of the sober part of mankind," wrote Mrs. Eliza Haywood, "and began to think there were comforts in retirement." And Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tells her sister that "the Duke of Wharton has brought his duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction; in order to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his . . . He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner." But the Duke was soon sinning again, if indeed he had ever stopped. His wife was bundled off to the country; he joined the Hell-Fire Club, which, as Mr. Melville thinks, may not have been as bad as its name, but was certainly bad enough; he played atrocious pranks, one of which sent a foolish dwarf to the madhouse; he drank furiously. Dr. Young is supposed to have lectured him under the name of Lorenzo:

> Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon;
> And the sun's noontide blaze, prim dawn of day;
> Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
> Commencing one of our antipodes!

Meanwhile, in 1719, whether as saint or sinner, he had been introduced into the House of Lords, where he soon proved his precocious powers of oratory. There, as president of the Hell-Fire Club, he opposed a bill for preventing blasphemy and profaneness, on the ground that such a law would be repugnant to Scripture! At the end of the year 1721 he was kissing the King's hand as a good Whig. Then again, in May of 1723, he was speaking in defence of that prime Tory, Bishop Atterbury, against the Bill of Pains and Penalties. Horace Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," says that in the evening before the debate Wharton went to Sir Robert at Chelsea, avowed contrition for his opposition to the court, and consulted with the Minister on the best way of aiding the bill. Having thus got full information in regard to the case, he spent the rest of the night carousing, and the next morning, without having gone to bed, made his great speech in the House of Lords against the Government. Mr. Melville rightly observes that the anecdote, whether true or not, is quite in keeping with the Duke's character; but it can scarcely be true. Sir Robert was not one to be caught by such a trick, and Sergeant Wynne, who was concerned in the case, pronounced the story incredible. It is easier to accept Mr. Melville's eulogy of Wharton as an orator on this occasion: "With a wonderful grasp of detail and a stern logic, he summed up the evidence against Atterbury, and disposed of it, in a quiet, forcible, closely-reasoned manner that suggests the great lawyer rather than the distinguished orator." Yet here again Mr. Melville goes a little too far. It is not quite true that by virtue of this speech "the Duke takes a position among the great men of his day." His argument, indeed, shows a keen grasp of details; but it lacks something more than oratorical manner; it lacks also the persuasiveness of Atterbury's own speech on the occasion. And naturally it failed of effect; for Walpole knew, and Parliament knew, and we know, and probably Wharton himself knew, that the Bishop had been engaged in treasonable correspondence with James. The Bishop went over to France—"exchanged" for Bolingbroke, as he said, being himself one of the brotherhood of wits—and the Duke consoled himself by inditing an ode "On the Banishment of Cicero," in the Ercles vein suitable to such an occasion:

> Thy Wisdom was thy only Guilt,
> Thy Virtue thy Offence,
> With Godlike Zeal thou didst espouse
> Thy Country's just defence:
> Nor sordid Hopes could charm thy steady Soul,
> Nor fears, nor Guilty Numbers could controul.
>
> What tho' the Noblest Patriots stood
> Firm to thy sacred Cause.
> What tho' Thou could'st display the Force
> Of Rhet'ric and of Laws;
> No Eloquence, no Reason could repel
> Th' united Strength of CLODIUS and of Hell.

III.

The Duke was not long in following the Bishop, in politics if not in virtue. In a "memorial" to the court at Vienna he made the treatment of Atterbury an excuse for abandoning the Hanoverian cause, but Mr. Melville is probably right in surmising that the itch for high position which he could not obtain from the Government at home, sent him back to the Pretender. Like Lorenzo of the poem—

> Denied the public eye, the public's voice,
> As if he lived on other's breath, he dies.
> Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
> Mankind the gazers, the sole figure he.

However that may be, leaving his noble name to the scandal-mongers of England—who, if we may believe Horace Walpole, did not miss their opportunity—he crossed the Channel in July of 1725, and was immediately deep in the Jacobite counsels. "Venisti tandem?" exclaimed Atterbury, in a set of Latin verses which do more credit to his knowledge of the Gradus than to his discernment of men.

For a while he takes an important part in that futile weaving of plots which the Jacobites were carrying on all over Europe. At first he is at the court of Austria, where he accomplishes nothing, through no fault of his own, it may be. Then he is in Spain, where he accomplishes less than nothing. Both friends and enemies were beginning to find him out by this time and to regard him as the Miles Gloriosus of politics. A letter from Benjamin Keene, then British Consul at Madrid, tells the sad story in unmistakable language:

> . . . On Tuesday last, I had some company with me that the Dukes of Liria and Wharton wanted to speak with; upon which they came directly into the room. Wharton made his compliments and placed himself by me. I did not think myself obliged to turn out his star and garter [given him by James]; because, as he is an everlasting talker and tippler, in all probability he would lavish out something that might be of use to know. . . . He declared himself the Pretender's Prime Minister, and Duke of Wharton and Northumberland. Hitherto (says he) my master's interest has been managed by the Duchess of Perth and three or four other old women who meet under the portal of St. Germains; he wanted a Whig, and a brisk one, to put them in the right train, and I am the man; you may now look upon me as Sir Philip Wharton, Knight of the Garter, and Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Bath, running a course, and, by God, he shall be hard pressed; . . . neither he nor King George shall be six months at ease, as long as I have the honor to serve in the employ I am in.

It is not strange that "the other old women" soon had him excluded from what they were pleased to regard as the secrets of their conspiracy, though the "Knight of the Bath" probably knew more of what was really happening than any one of them. Whereupon our Gloriosus must turn soldier indeed—

> Est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt
> Nec sunt.

In 1727 the Spaniards made an attempt

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to recover Gibraltar, and the Duke obtained permission to serve with the besieging army. The attack was futile, but Wharton at least showed that he was no coward. On one occasion, inspired by brandy, and decked out in his Garter-Ribbon, he went up to an English battery and challenged it by crying out, "Long live the Pretender," and using other "bad language." He was warned to retire, but kept up his posture until struck by a piece of a shell on the toe. So much glory he won, and then, being weary of camp life, returned to Madrid.

Meanwhile he had changed his religion and had married again. In Madrid he became acquainted with the daughter of an Irish exile who was one of the maids of honor to the Spanish Queen. As she was a Catholic, the Duke promptly went over to her religion. On June 17, 1726, we know from a document of the Inquisition that he was firm in his adherence to the Anglican faith; by July 26 he was converted and had his bride. Two years later, hoping to curry favor in England, he was swearing to Atterbury that he was no Catholic—"We might as well think he was a Turk." But when he found his denial of no avail, "he made another sudden turn, and is now as true a Catholic and Jacobite as ever he was." He was no longer taken seriously by the statesmen at home, but the wits had not forgotten him. Mr. Melville quotes an amusing ballad, by Curll, "on the Duke of Wharton's Renouncing the Protestant Religion":

Pray, isn't it queer
That a wild Peer,
So known for rakish Tricks,
That *Wharton* shou'd
At last be good,
And kiss a *Crucifix?*

. . . . . .

Old *Thomas* rise,
And if you've Eyes
To light you thro' the Shades.
See, see your Son
How he has run
From Beggary to Beads!

. . . . . .

He took the Lass
And he took to Mass.
All in an errant Whim,
And did dispence
With Marriage-pence
As she dispenc'd with Him.

The rest is the fifth act of the tragedy. Rejected by the Whigs at home and the Jacobites abroad, without money save what he could beg or borrow, sinking deeper and deeper in the habit of drunkenness, with broken health, he throws away the remainder of his life in reckless and profane debauchery. He could impose occasionally on a gullible traveller, and from one such repentant Englishman we have a terrible picture of him as he was living in Paris in 1729:

In short, he left me sick, in Debt, and without a Penny; but as I begin to recover, and have a little Time to think, I can't help considering myself, as one whisk'd up behind a Witch upon a Broomstick, and hurried over Mountains and Dales, through confus'd Woods and thorny Thickets, and when the Charm is ended, and the poor Wretch dropp'd in a Desart, he can give no other Account of his enchanted Travels, but that he is much fatigued in Body and Mind, his Cloaths torn, and worse in all other Circumstances, without being of the least Service to himself or anybody else.

Evidently, some of the old brilliance which had dazzled England in his youth remained with him almost to the end—the magic audacity of his wit. The end itself was pathetic. While going to rejoin his regiment at Terragona he was struck down by fatal illness, and died in the Franciscan Monastery of Poblet, in the habit of the order, with no one near him save the pitying fathers. He was not yet thirty-three years old. According to the inscription on the stone set up in the abbey, he met death "In fide ecclesiæ catholicæ romanæ," but his old companions at home read another epitaph. In 1733 appeared the Epistle which now stands first in the "Moral Essays" of Pope, and there, in that corner of what may be called England's Abbey of the Unwise, his effigy has a conspicuous place among those who fell as victims of the Ruling Passion:

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days.

P. E. M.

Books and Men

THE CRUEL AND ABUSIVE TREATMENT OF SLANG.

Does American slang suffer a sea-change in crossing the Atlantic? Is it really transformed? Or is the alteration merely that undergone by the cranberries which were sent to an Englishman by his American friend? The Englishman had enjoyed cranberry-sauce in this country, and after going home was pleased to receive a barrel of cranberries from across the ocean. In a day or two, however, he wrote: "I thank you for the berries, but unfortunately they have all soured in transportation." Is our slang the same on one side of the ocean as the other, but is its altered taste due to its mistaken use?

Mr. W. J. Ghent, who writes in *Harper's Weekly* on "Our Slang Across the Sea," thinks that when an English scholar sets himself to describe and define the beauties of our slang he retires into a closet, lights a lamp, and evolves a meaning from his inner consciousness—like the German scholar and the dromedary. How else, asks Mr. Ghent, could he have defined "stuck-up" as meaning "moneyless—very figurative expression derived from being 'stuck-up' by highwaymen," after which, this etymologist profoundly remarks, "You have no money left in your pocket."

The English writer whose book Mr. Ghent describes is Mr. J. Redding Ware, author of "Passing English of the Victorian Era." Mr. Ware has evidently studied the works of Mr. Hornung, but neglected Bret Harte. Otherwise he would know that, while an Australian bush-ranger "sticks-up" his victims, the ancient desperado of the American Far West would scorn to commit such an act. To "hold" them up is a different and eminently proper proceeding.

Some other oddities of Mr. Ware's book are mentioned by Mr. Ghent. A chump is defined as "a youth (as a rule) who is in any way cheated of his money—especially by the so-called gentler sex." "Snakes" is given, in Anglo-American slang, as meaning "danger," so "snakes alive" (wholly American) is "much worse than snakes." Naturally, the latter is too horrible to consider. Why Mr. Ware should say that axe-grinders are "men who grumble, especially politically," is hard to understand, since he has given, directly above, the correct definition of "axe to grind."

A few more misunderstandings, not mentioned by Mr. Ghent, occur in "Passing English." For example, Mr. Ware evidently knows nothing of the command to "dry up!" He is content to say that the phrase means "to cease because effete"—from mountain torrents which dry up in summer. "Foxes," he says, are "people of Maine—probably owing to the foxes which prevail there." He has heard of a horrid American oath which he calls "*Gaul* darned." His book is strong on our oaths—"Jee," he declares, is "an oath-like expression. First syllable of Jerusalem. 'Jee! You don't dare to do it!'" (Both "Jee" and "Gaul-darned" give evidence that Mr. Ware learned his American oaths by ear.) "Red peppers," he suggests, is another American "form of swearing." (If so, my education is defective.) "Jag" is always a stumbling-block for English commentators on our slang. Mr. Ware finds it to be a "Spanish-American-English" phrase to express a "desire to use a knife against somebody—to jag him." "Wake-snakes" means "provoke to the uttermost." Perhaps it does. And to "whoop up" is an Americanism signifying "to tune a musical instrument."

"Bull-doze" is, with partial correctness, defined as "political bullying." But the excellent Mr. Ware is not content with this—he must quote an anecdote. "'What do they mean by bull-dozing?' asked an inquisitive wife the other evening. 'I suppose they mean a bull that is half asleep.' And the injured one kept on with her sewing, but said nothing." This, writes Mr. Ware, "will show that even in the U. S. A. themselves this term is not fully understood." "Dodrottedest" is "an example of evasive swearing." That is very true—but a little disappointing.

To be the maker of a slang dictionary one must chloroform one's sense of humor. To define "Let her go, Gallegher!" as "an expression signifying a willingness to proceed" (as one of these dictionaries did) is a dreadful thing. A person with a mind so scientific as to be capable of that would be an intolerable companion. He is blood-brother to the young man to whom a girl said: "How romantic the moon is to-night!" The reply, from the youth, was: "Yes; and are you aware that the moon is exactly 244,678 miles from the earth?"

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A slang dictionary and a collection of beautifully mounted dead butterflies are, to me, very much the same. It is right and proper, I suppose, that museums should have the butterflies, but killing them is a shameful thing. Slang words and phrases are, in their own way, as beautiful as moths and butterflies. Their gay life is on the lips of the people. They are held captive in literature—and this is not only excusable but necessary. But in a dictionary they are smothered, impaled, dried, and mounted. You resent that these bright creatures of the language have been pawed by fusty lexicographers.

There will come a day, perhaps, when somebody will issue a rational version of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." That fine riot of slang—which one of the most learned of professors of English is said to have recited by the hour—will be translated into pure English! Some scholar will put his great, coarse hands to work, and——

O, Mommer, wasn't Mame a looty-toot!
Last night, when at the Rainbow Social Club
She did the bunny hug with ev'ry scrub
From Hogan's Alley to the Dutchman's Boot!
While little Willie, like a plug-eared mute,
Papered the wall and helped absorb the grub,
Played nest-egg with the benches, like a dub,
When hot Society was easy fruit!
Am I a turnip? On the strict Q T
Why do my Trilbys get so ossified?
Why am I minus when it's up to me
To brace my Paris Pansy for a glide? . . .

will be given in some version of cold prose such as this: "Speak, mother, and declare how beautiful was Marie, last evening, when amongst the youths and maidens in the dance she nestled in the arms of unworthy fellows from the lowest purlieus—whilst I remained passive or sought to drown my grief in wine! Is it true that I am the inferior being I seem? [Note by translator: This appears to be the best rendition of "Am I a turnip?" but cf. Schlatter, IV, p. 27], etc."

For two of their definitions, however, much may be forgiven the dictionaries of slang and Americanisms. One of these is the famous entry under "Jag" in John S. Farmer's "Americanisms, Old and New," published in London in 1889.

Mr. Farmer starts well:

"JAG—In New England a parcel; bundle; or load. An old English provincialism which has held ground colloquially across the Atlantic.

Cleveland was forced up 7½ cents by the persistent bidding of one broker buying on a heavy order. He occasionally caught a JAG of 2,000 or 3,000 shares, but kept on bidding as if Cleveland were the only thing dear to him on earth. . . . *Missouri Republican*, 1888."

But he continues:

"Jag is also a slang term for an umbrella, possibly from that article being so constantly carried."

And he proceeds to prove this by a quotation from the Albany *Journal:*

He came in very late (after an unsuccessful effort to unlock the front door with his umbrella) through an unfastened coal-hole in the sidewalk. Coming to himself toward daylight, he found himself—spring overcoat, silk hat, JAG and all—stretched out in the bath-tub.

From the earliest times Americanisms have proved a snare for the English. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue"—a work not famed for its prudishness—was a century old when Mr. Farmer wrote his book. Grose defined just one Americanism, and the day on which I found it remains in my mind like that on which stout Cortez stood silent on a peak in Darien. This is it:

"TO GOUGE. To squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb: a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

A CATALOGUE OF PEPYS'S LIBRARY—BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF STEVENSON AND CRUIKSHANK.

Samuel Pepys the diarist was a true bibliophile and his library of nearly three thousand volumes, happily preserved practically intact for more than two hundred years, is still the distinctive ornament of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Now, for the first time, a comprehensive and adequate catalogue of the library, prepared by specialists, is being published by Sidgwick & Jackson, London. Part I, the "Sea Manuscripts," by Dr. J. R. Tanner, and Part II, the "Early-printed Books to 1558," by E. Gordon Duff, are before us. The latter contains a very interesting general Introduction by Mr. F. Sidgwick, giving an account of the library and its bringing together.

Although Pepys's Diary covers only nine of the seventy years of his life, there are in it about five hundred references more or less definite to his library and to special books which he bought, borrowed, or "turned over" at the booksellers'. This entry of August 10, 1663, telling of his resolution to become "a better husband" by ceasing to buy books will commend itself to the wives of some present-day book collectors:

Whereas before my delight was in multitude of books, and spending money in that and buying alway of other things, now that I am become a better husband, and have left off buying, now my delight is in the neatness of everything, and so cannot be pleased with anything unless it be very neat, which is a strange folly.

But in January, 1668, he was still buying "a great many books," and so filling up his two bookcases that he was "forced to give away some to make room for them," planning then to keep his "proper library" within the limits of these "two presses." His delight in the neatness of everything is shown by his care in cataloguing and arranging or (as he called it) "adjusting" his books, as is recorded in other entries in his diary, as well as by several passages in his will. The books were nearly all put into uniform bindings, with the backs gilded and each volume bearing his "arms or Crest or Cypher" stamped in gold. He was very particular that the books should range evenly upon the shelves, and in some cases the volumes are mounted upon wooden "stilts" covered with leather and stamped in gold so as to appear to be a part of the book. Some of the volumes in the library bear as many as seven changes in shelf-numbers or press-marks, showing that he was continually shifting the books about.

By a codicil to his will, added only a fortnight before his death in May, 1705, Pepys left his library to his nephew John Jackson with full instructions as to its final disposition. It was to be given to Trinity or Magdalen, preferably the latter, and was to be kept together in a room by itself, without additions of any sort except such as might be made by Jackson, and no books were ever to be taken from the room except to the Master's "Lodge," and then never more than ten books at a time. As a final safeguard was added the stipulation that whichever of the two colleges received it, the library was to be open to an annual visitation by the officials of the other, and if it appeared that the terms as laid down by Pepys were not being carried out, the custody of the library was to be transferred. That the trust has been most faithfully kept is shown by the fact that of the 2,971 volumes which made up the library as transferred to Magdalen College by Jackson in 1705, all but seven were still in position in 1906.

The Early-printed books, as catalogued by Mr. Gordon Duff, contain a number of bibliographical and literary rarities from English presses. There are seven Caxtons, one of which is unique; seventeen books or pamphlets printed by Wynken de Worde, five of which are the only copies known, and sixteen pieces from the press of Richard Pynson, seven of which seem to be unique. The Continental books are fewer in number and of less interest, there being apparently but two books printed before 1500.

The "Sea Manuscripts" described in Part I of the Catalogue are mainly material gathered together by Pepys for his proposed "History of the Navy," but among them are other important manuscripts, including originals or transcripts of several journals of early navigators to America and the East. Among these are Clement Adams's account, in Latin, of Richard Chancellor's voyage to Muscovy in 1553; the journals of Edward Fenton's two voyages to China in 1578 and 1582-1583; of Capt. Robert Holmes's two voyages to Guinea in 1660-1661 and 1663-1664; of Capt. William Ambrosia Cowley's Voyage around the World, 1683-1686; Capt. John Narborough's own journals of his voyages, 1683-1686; and Capt. Bartholomew Sharpe's journal of his South-Sea Voyage, 1680-1682. A more elaborate catalogue of the manuscripts in the collection which relate to the English navy is in preparation by the Navy Records Society.

Beyond the fact that it is published at a very moderate price there is little to be said in favor of the new Bibliography of Robert Louis Stevenson, by J. Herbert Slater, just published by Macmillan (75 cents). This little volume is announced as being the first of a projected series of similar handbooks, which will describe the "first, early, and collective editions of a variety of old and modern authors," among which are Francis Bacon, Ben Jonson, Bunyan, and Goldsmith. Good collectors' bibliographies of the books

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of these older writers are badly needed, but their preparation will require a vast deal more of original work than has been given to this first of the series which, so far as bibliographical information goes, seems to be merely a condensation of the much fuller and more accurate Bibliography of Stevenson prepared by Col. W. F. Prideaux, and published in 1903. Mr. Slater's arrangement is alphabetical by title, and not, as is the more general custom in books of this character, chronological by dates of publication. Several of the rarer items are, however, mentioned only in the notes, and not in the alphabetical list at all.

As the editor, for nearly thirty years, of the *Book-Prices Current,* Mr. Slater is recognized as an authority on book values in England, and he has affixed market values to most of the first editions in this list. These are mainly prices realized at Sotheby's, American records of sale being ignored, and in many cases they are much too low. For example, twenty-one shillings is a ridiculously low value to place upon the four numbers of the *Edinburgh University Magazine,* and even worse is the price, £2 19s., the latest English auction record on that little pamphlet "Not I, and Other Poems," which is much rarer and more difficult to procure than the similar pamphlet, "The Graver and the Pen," which is valued at "about £18." In the same way the remarks as to the number of copies printed or in existence of some of the pamphlets are probably understatements. This is true particularly of the eighty-page pamphlet "The Story of a Lie," of which Mr. Slater says the copies preserved "are not likely to exceed half a dozen in number," though he gives records of sale of four copies at auction at prices varying from £30 10s. in 1899 to £1 2s. in 1907. This is a book which can always be procured without difficulty, though it generally brings a good price, and the existing copies must be numbered by dozens. The usually accepted story as to its origin needs authentication.

It is almost unkind, in a notice of a book of this character, to allude to a slip like the following. To his bibliographical account of Stevenson's poem "Ticonderoga" Mr. Slater, for the benefit of his English readers, adds this note: "Ticonderoga is the name of an old fort on Lake Champlain, New York State, celebrated in war and peace long before the Revolution which culminated in the Declaration of Independence."

The books, pamphlets, and magazines containing illustrations by George Cruikshank continue to have a perennial interest for collectors, and the rarer items, when in choice condition and original state as issued, command ever-increasing prices. Several guides or reference books on the subject have been printed, the best having been Captain R. J. H. Douglas's Catalogue, published in 1903, which, though badly arranged, contained much important and interesting information there printed for the first time. For whatever reason, a fire in a book-bindery, we understand, his Catalogue has been scarce for a long time. Now there appears a new book, "A Bibliographical Catalogue," by Albert M. Cohn (Longmans; $5), which will take its place as a handy reference book on the Cruikshank collector's shelves. Mr. Cohn's Catalogue is more nearly complete than Captain Douglas's, as he describes 820 items, nearly one-fourth more than those enumerated by Douglas, but as the earlier work contains fuller descriptions of some of the most sought-for and rarer volumes and series, it will not be entirely superseded. Mr. Cohn's collations seem to be accurate, and his estimates of market values of the rarer items are more nearly truthful than in most works of this character, the authors or editors of which do not seem to be able to keep up with the rapid increase in the prices of the great rarities when in the right condition. The books described are arranged under the names of their authors, and at the end is a full index of titles. L. S. L.

Correspondence

LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I call attention to the fact that neither of Mr. Anderson's statements in his letter in the *Nation* of August 6 invalidates the assertion that prohibition increases the sale of narcotic drugs? It is quite obvious that in a city where the nervous tension is so great as it is in New York the use of such means of intoxication would be relatively great. Does Mr. Anderson doubt for one moment that absolute prohibition of liquor in New York would still further increase this use? As to the second statement: I have very serious doubt, the result of much investigation and study, whether alcohol is ever the cause of insanity; that it is the occasion of its manifestation I freely admit. The real cause is to be found in certain protoplasmic weakness of the nervous organization, due most often to vital wastes of various sorts, which seeks in the use of alcohol a stimulation for action, or even a locus of consciousness. The prohibition of alcohol invariably leads to the use of drugs in such cases. The reformable dipsomaniac is one who has not much to fear from his potations. It is the convenience and accessibility of alcohol, and not its inherent quality, that places it first on the lists as the occasion of insanity. Much will be gained when these facts are recognized and scientifically treated.

Oscar Woodward Zeigler.

Baltimore, August 8.

"THE PROMISED LAND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the last year Palestine has been the scene of a noteworthy struggle. For some years philanthropic Jews of three countries, Germany, Russia, and the United States, had had a Technical Institute at Haifa in contemplation. When the final arrangements for opening the school were under way, it became known that German and not Hebrew was designated as the language of instruction. The Jewish population was aroused to so high a pitch of excitement that young and old joined in demonstrations against those supposed to have dictated the change of policy. The lower schools controlled by the same elements, though hitherto lauded as the protectors of Hebrew, were "boycotted" by teachers, pupils, and parents. These militant acts have delayed indefinitely the opening of the Institute, the cherished project not only of the Palestinian Jews, but also of a considerable number of Jews in Russia, who were hoping to secure in Palestine the vocational training for their children denied them by the stepmotherly policy of Russia. And yet, in spite of the grievous loss, there is joy in Palestine, for it is now established that Hebrew lives.

Hebrew has never been a dead language in the same sense as Latin and Greek. Nevertheless, to make it an instrument pliant to modern need, it had to undergo a revival. The opportunity for the renascence was afforded by the gathering of fragments of Jewry in Palestine from every part of the world, all animated by the ideals summed up under the term Zionism. Such groups have been turning Zionward for the last thirty-five years, each bringing its own language with it. The building of the nation was menaced by the confusion of tongues. As a result of concerted action, Hebrew, the never-abandoned language of prayer, became the language of life, too, of the first stirrings of that national life which had been the object of prayer for eighteen centuries, and to-day the pioneers are ready to sacrifice a livelihood for this new-old national possession.

In the Diaspora, the Jew has performed equal miracles of self-preservation. This miracle, however, belongs besides in the category of self-rejuvenation. It is rooted in the *terra firma* of agricultural settlements in some forty colonies and villages. It implies that a Jewish population, rural and urban, has interpenetrated "the land without a people." The Jewish villagers, inspired by unquenchable Hebrew optimism, and applying the Occidental methods brought from the lands of the exile, have created values in an abused country in a single generation. The international movement behind these colonists possesses a fund of over one million dollars, collected pennywise, for the purchase of the land as an inalienable national possession. It operates a bank with branches in Jaffa, Jerusalem, Haifa, Hebron, Safed, Beirut, etc. The land is covered with a network of schools, for elementary, secondary, agricultural, and arts and crafts instruction. Plans are now under discussion for an industrial development as large as the agricultural basis will support, and the poll-tax shekel-paying sympathizers to the number of over 200,000, scattered all over the world, from Sweden to South Africa and from China to Argentina, send delegates to an international congress—in itself a miraculous achievement after a dispersion of nearly twenty centuries—to devise ways and means of investing with a political body the spiritual and cultural manifestations of a national life in Palestine.

The above would go to show that one or the other part of a statement by your reviewer of Dr. Richard Gottheil's book on Zionism is incorrect. Either it is not true that "sentiment alone keeps the Zionists together, or rather from getting at one another's throats," or it is not true that "no movement of a large character has ever thrived on sentiment alone." Nor would it seem that Zionism is doomed, because to define it "baffled" the author of the book, or because it—like life—is composed of "diverse" and "contradictory" currents. Nor does it appear to be final condemnation to say of a movement that "after an existence of barely twenty years the Zionists represent a diversity of views and aims which is almost bewildering." In the face of two thousand years of Jewish separatist activity, they consider twenty a negligible quantity, and in the face of worldwide dispersion, they believe "diversity of views" nat-

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ural and indeed a sign of health and modernity. But to speak of "diversity of *aims*" in connection with Zionism is incomprehensible. There is but one aim, national rehabilitation.

The just limits of this letter would have to be transgressed were your reviewer's questionable statements of fact and his debatable opinions to be pointed out. He fails to understand, for instance, the relation of the Jewish "religionist" to the "nationalist" in respect to the movement. He asserts "the failure of Zionism to make any substantial headway after the first burst of enthusiasm had passed"; yet the National Fund added two hundred thousand dollars to its capital during the past year. He does not grasp the growth in Theodor Herzl's Jewish outlook and convictions during the nine years that constituted his Jewish life, and though the premature removal of the regal leader caused grief and for a time consternation, the permanent effect has been misjudged by the reviewer. In all these and many other points he has had no eye for the connection between the modern political movement and the age-long attitude of the Jew in the dispersion towards nationalism and the Holy Land.

Two points should be especially noted. The reviewer chides the leaders of Zionism for having adopted—as he maintains—a wailing and whining tone. He charges them with looking upon "minor social prejudices in the same light as actual injustices and direct persecution," and for exaggerating "the disability under which the Jews labor." There are nearly thirteen million Jews in the world, of whom about one-half live in the Russian hell. To this half it must be left to decide whether there is "no cause for discouragement" after "but a century since the movement began for political and social emancipation of the Jews." There is a Gymnasium at Jaffa; 710 pupils are sitting on its benches; they fill it to the limits of its capacity. Outside its doors, panting for an education, stand three hundred boys and girls, sent to Palestine by their parents in Russia to secure a schooling. Why? Because not only has Russia closed her secondary schools and her universities against them, but also Germany and France refuse to receive them into their higher schools, and ominous rumblings are beginning to make themselves heard in the educational circles of other European countries. For at least one-half of the Jewish people there would seem to be "cause for discouragement."

It is but fair to admit that the modern political form of Zionism originated in anti-Semitism. None the less, to hold it to be a negative movement is to misapprehend its scope. It is not cowardly retreat, but a remedy for an ailment affecting Jews and others. If the world is committed both consciously and conscientiously to the emancipation of the Jew, it should hasten to plead, before whatever tribunal there be, that he be given the refuge of a country of his own, lest the moral fibre of a noble race grow flabby under the disintegrating influences of its present anomalous position. **In point of fact, it is the Zionist** above all Jews who hates whining. It is because he is weary of being accounted a member of the "backward looking race" par excellence; because he declines to win favor for his people by virtue only of past service, past nobility, and past martyrdom; because he is convinced that it is capable of present service and present nobility, as it has shown itself capable of present martyrdom, that he seeks in these modern days to be more than merely a martyr. He asks a fair chance *qua* Jew to be once more a contributing factor to civilization. In brief, it is because he is a modern man that he is a Zionist, *i. e.*, a complete Jew. As for the religious Jew, when he is a Zionist, he is an intenser Zionist than the agnostic Jew can be. He is imbued with faith that the old land and the new nationality will enable him to transform the "legalism" of which he is accused into the progressive law it was of old. And if it be true that his "religious practices and rites" are to a large extent "survivals of ancient Semitic customs" "grafted on to Prophetical Judaism," then what he desires is the opportunity of revivifying them with a new Prophetism grafted on them.

The reviewer questions the wisdom of the Jewish Publication Society in publishing a book on Zionism, "a movement that arouses as much opposition as it does adherence, written by one who is a stanch and uncompromising advocate of Zionism. . . . Such a presentation is naturally controversial and becomes a special plea for which the Society, though supposed to be impartial, in a measure stands sponsor." The impartiality demanded by your reviewer would, one fears, silence the Society on many subjects of real Jewish interest. Jewishly speaking, though there may be non-Zionism, there cannot be anti-Zionism. Anti-Zionism is assimilation and assimilation is Jewish self-negation. But any one who knows the Jew, and Judaism and Zionism as well, knows that the last is a genuine and an essentially modern expression of the eternal Jewish spirit.

HENRIETTA SZOLD.

New York, July 28.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reiterated assumption that a certain thing or a movement is reprehensible is one of the subtlest forms of injustice. May one who has been a member of the Navy League since its organization, and who is perfectly familiar with its character and aims, protest against the insinuation, expressed in your article on "Our Military Propagandists" in the *Nation* of July 16, that the League is inspired with the militarist spirit? This is far from being the case, in spite of the facts that some naval officers, as is natural, are enrolled among its members, and that certain unscrupulous manufacturers make money out of the navy. Is dealing in grain wrong just because of an occasional dishonest corner in wheat, or running a grocery reprehensible because some swindling grocer sands his sugar?

The Navy League is a civilian organization, composed of the rank and file of patriotic American citizens, who sincerely and firmly believe that a powerful navy is the best and cheapest insurance against war that this Republic can have. It is therefore an out-and-out peace organization.

As to the fear of militarism, is it not a little ridiculous in a land where the very courts have to be called upon to insure decent treatment for those who wear the uniforms of our army and navy?

EDWARD BRECK.

Annapolis Royal, N. S., July 31.

[The Powers of Europe have been paying premiums on "cheap insurance" against war for some years. Their policies have now matured.—ED. THE NATION.]

GAME PROTECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Henry Chase's book on "Game Protection," recently noticed in your columns, seems to the writer to be seriously vulnerable in its treatment of the legal protection of migratory birds. It is his evident opinion that the McLean-Weeks bill will eventually be annulled by the Supreme Court on the ground that the protection of game birds falls within the jurisdiction of the several States, not of Congress, as the Constitution now stands. To meet this difficulty, in case it comes, his suggestion is not the orderly amendment of the Constitution, in accordance with its own terms, but the negotiation of a series of game-protecting treaties. Birds migrating from one country to another, and of demonstrable value to both, he holds, are clearly a proper subject for treaty consideration. Now a treaty is the supreme law of the land, and it is a part of the duty of Congress to pass such legislation as may be needed to carry it into effect. Let the President therefore negotiate, and the Senate ratify, a series of bird-protecting treaties with the different countries concerned, and Congress will at once be clad with the power, now presumably lacking, to protect migratory birds within the limits of the several States.

All this may be clear sailing to the enthusiastic follower of the Sagamore Hill School of Constitutional Law, but to the mind of the writer there could hardly be a clearer case of the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that there is no limit on the treaty-making power of the President and Senate. Mr. Chase assumes at the outset that the Supreme Court, as things now stand, will declare the legislation in question unconstitutional, on the distinct ground that it is a matter left by the Constitution to the competence of the several States. The President then negotiates a treaty aiming to secure the same end, the Senate ratifies it, and with no further ado it is affirmed that Congress may now freely enact the identical legislation before invalidated. In other words, the President and Senate, with the aid of an outside Power, may effect a radical change in the distribution of power as between our States and our Federal Government, thus virtually amending the Constitution. Let the prophecy here be ventured that in no clear case will the Supreme Court ever deliver a decision that Congress can be clothed with a new power wrested from the individual States in this way, however close it may have come to doing so in cases lying within a more or less doubtful borderland. If ever it shall be decided that Congress has not the power to protect migratory birds, the clear duty of conservationists will be to work in the duly appointed way for an amendment giving that power.

Of course, the views here expressed are readily combated by a course of reasoning now prevalent in certain quarters: A sovereign Power can make any treaty it —— pleases. The United States is a sovereign Power, and therefore the United States can make any treaty it —— pleases, and Congress can carry it into effect. But our court of last resort has not as yet gone so far from its moorings, and if ever it should do so there will be something more important to protect than game birds.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, O., August 8.

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Literature

THE ELDER PITT.

The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By Basil Williams. With portraits and maps. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. $7.50 net.

Mr. Winstanley, in his excellent little book, "Personal and Party Government," says that Pitt's "errors were those of the intellect and not those of the heart. He was sometimes mistaken, but he was never mean." This cool judgment finds eloquent amplification in the admirable new life of the Elder Pitt by Basil Williams, a book so good that it bids fair to stand as the standard biography of the great patriot. Mr. Williams does not lay great emphasis upon the mistakes. If Pitt did make mistakes, they were due to his consciousness of the justice of his position, his unwillingness to take less than the most for England, and his unwavering devotion to the "liberty of the subject"—even when that subject was the unspeakable Wilkes. Mr. Williams's volumes, therefore, are a much-needed antidote for the poisoned shafts of Von Ruville, and it is interesting to note the summary treatment meted out to him by Mr. Williams. For example, in a footnote in regard to the Pynsent bequest:

> Dr. Von Ruville makes a laborious attempt to show that Pitt angled for this bequest. He, however, produces no proof of a view, based simply on his own preconceived notion of Pitt's character, and has to invent a suggestion, which is contrary to all the known facts, that Pitt knew beforehand of Pynsent's intention to leave him his property.

Mr. Williams very properly begins with a chapter on old "Diamond" Pitt, the great Governor of Madras, from whom the grandson, William, inherited the stern directness of vision, the love of England, and the peculiar insight into the minds of merchants and traders which gained him the strong backing of the City whenever the court or the great Whig families tried to crush him. From the explosive old Governor the grandson inherited also, unfortunately, that virulent form of gout and that impatience of opposition which often stood in the way of his own interests and those of his country. The author then describes Pitt's independent but earnest career as a student at Eton and Oxford, where he acquired a great fund of useful and premature knowledge; as Cornet in Cobham's Horse Guards, where, instead of merely keeping up an agreeable appearance and waiting to get drunk until one o'clock in the afternoon in accordance with the demands of tradition, he took his military duties seriously, and, like Wolfe, set himself to read every military book on which he could lay his hands.

Pitt entered the House of Commons in 1735 and rapidly became its ablest speaker. He spoke with authority, partly because he was confident of his own ability, partly because he knew he had the people of England behind him, and partly because of his innate oratorical power. Pitt's great service to his country was to lead her confidently and victoriously into the Seven Years' War and save for her the continents of North America and India which were threatened by the Bourbons. He hated the Bourbons because they represented to him all the intolerance and arbitrary rule which his soul abhorred. It was this hatred which made him loved by Englishmen. Such hatred was a simple idea which they could grasp; and it was one they shared and in which their idol never failed them. Another source of his power was the perfect frankness of his public utterances. When he changed his mind he never concealed the fact. "I have," he said, "a contempt for the abilities as well as the honesty of any minister who will not endeavor to gain the confidence of the people." "When I am on my feet," speaking to the House of Commons and through it to the men of England, "I speak everything that is in my mind." But while such frankness brought him the confidence of the nation, it brought him also the strong dislike of the King, so strong, in fact, that it was more than twenty years after he entered Parliament before he was accepted as Prime Minister (December, 1756). England was then just entering the critical period of the Seven Years' War, and Pitt merely uttered what the nation thought when he said: "I know that I can save this country, and that no one else can."

Aside from his popularity and power in argument Pitt could also do much in the House with a look or a tone. Once, when he had concluded a speech and was walking slowly out of the house, just as the doorkeeper was opening the door for him, his ear caught the words: "I rise to reply to the right honorable gentleman." Turning around, Pitt gave the member a look which made him sit down instantly. The member recounting the scene was asked if anybody laughed. "No, sir, we were all too much awed to laugh." Another day—

> it was Morton who had said, "King, Lords, and Commons, or, as the right honorable gentleman would say, 'Commons, Lords and King.'" Pitt sprang up: "My blood runs cold at such words—I desire that they be taken down by the clerk." "Nay," spluttered Morton, frightened out of his senses. "I mean nothing: King, Lords, and Commons: Commons, Lords, and King—it is all one." "I don't wish to push the matter further," said Pitt, "but whenever a member *means* nothing, I advise him to *say* nothing."

When the American war seemed imminent, Pitt proposed an elaborate scheme for conciliation—not so much as an organic law, but as a declaration of principles; in its preparation he had the aid of Franklin, and it was as sound, at least, as the plan of Lord North. He made a tactical blunder, however, in not confiding in any of those men on whose support he had counted. The bill would have been killed in any case, but its summary death was largely due to this proneness "to trust to his own powers of persuasion and despise all outside help." Mr. Williams shows how much better England would have fared with Pitt at the helm, but he does not show sufficiently how largely Pitt himself was responsible for his own lack of power and party connection. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Williams's facts lead to Winstanley's conclusion:

> During the early years of the reign [of George III] it had been within his power to render the whig party an effective force, and he refused to do so; and it is in accordance with the usual irony of history that the man who had assisted to win Canada contributed towards losing the American colonies. He united with his sovereign to destroy the party system; and the disastrous events of the years which elapsed between the fall of Rockingham and the fall of North were to show that Newcastle was right and that Pitt was wrong.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Williams's skill as a biographer. He knows what to omit and how to bring out the high lights of the picture. He does not attempt to write a history of England or a meticulous diary-like life; yet he does not give the impression of jumping from one main incident to another; his narrative is smooth and his style pleasing. He has been diligent, too, in research, making good use of the Chatham MSS. and a mass of other material. Especially noteworthy is his careful reconstruction, in an appendix, of the date, report, and subject-matter of each of Pitt's speeches in Parliament.

CURRENT FICTION.

When Thoughts Will Soar. By Bertha von Suttner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Bertha von Suttner's last message comes to us in the form of a novel-essay, in which the modern woman, claiming for her sex participation in the world's activities, shares the honors with the generous American millionaire who devotes his fortune to the creation of an international Chautauqua from which are to rise "soaring thoughts." There is more of the sermon than of the novel in this attempt to formulate the laws of a new science making for the betterment of humanity—moral aeronautics. The perfection of flying must be followed by the conquest of High Thinking, for the possibilities of annihilation have grown too powerful to be abandoned to "low-thinking" man. Just how this fraternal state is to be realized is left to the reader's imagination. Franka Garlett, embodiment of the "high-thinking maiden," is called to her task of marshalling the young girls to the duty of service to humanity by her grandfather's poet-secretary. In public addresses she expounds her doctrines. Her efforts culminate when she is made a member of the Rose Order, organized by the fabulously wealthy John Toker. This genial old gentleman, in order to combat the power of violence, has instituted what he calls "a world-ennobling factory," in the shape of a gigantic Rose Festival, held at Lucerne annually in the month of roses. In the Rose Palace, built by him, he gathers all the "stars from the firmament of living celebrities." With the host as chair-

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man, they engage in a mighty symposium, in which music, poetry, science, oratory, and even such Utopian delights as color symphonies have their place on the programme. Their aim is to promote moral aviation, and, of course, to lay countermines against diplomats who would involve peace-loving nations in needless wars. The proceedings of Rose Week fill two-thirds of the book. In spite of the bombastic language, the sickly sentimental episodes, the childish delight in descriptions that add nothing to the story, there is a breath of that whole-souled idealism that pervaded the pleadings of the Baroness for international peace. It breaks through the all but impervious mask of a translation at times unwittingly humorous in its faithfulness to the original. The unanticipated timeliness of much of the volume does not need emphasizing.

An Armenian Princess: A Tale of Anatolian Peasant Life. By Edgar James Brooke. New York: The Gorham Press.

The complications of this simple little story give suspense and variety to a much-crossed course of true love. The author's intention is to demonstrate that the crying need of the Far East is increased missionary activity, and the book is, in effect, a tract in very palatable form. Mr. Brooke is evidently conversant with life and customs in Turkey and Armenia, and his descriptions of them are vivid. He understands the idyllic possibilities in the romance of two poor and persecuted Anatolian Protestants. Their chief persecutor is an arch-villain of unexampled blackness. Hassan Bey, covetous of the beautiful heroine, drives her from her home, ruins her village by extortionary taxation, tortures her father to death, kills her sister and aunt, and hounds her with emissaries to bring her into his harem. Even at her triumphant marriage he appears as a malign spirit, robbing her husband of the home he had prepared. There is nothing incredible in the scenes of massacre and imprisonment in which the hero figures, though the reader would like to believe them so; nor is their reaction upon character melodramatic. It is an apparently truthful picture of a repellent region, perhaps too strongly tinctured with a moral purpose.

That Affair at Portstead Manor. By Gladys Edson Locke. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

Three detectives are enlisted in the effort to solve the mystery of a stolen and mysteriously restored diamond necklace, or rather the more engrossing mystery of the murder of the master of Portstead, which temporarily eclipses the interest in the initial problem. One of these detectives is an amateur, who is actually made to act like an amateur, without the wonderful insight—or second sight—sometimes suddenly displayed by personages of his class—in novels. A second is a professional from Scotland Yard, who lives down to the reputation that his fellow-detectives have acquired in books by their mingled shrewdness and stupidity; and the third is a woman, a professional, too, who, by the grace of the author, is allowed to understand her job. She does her work in a refreshingly common-sense and untheatrical way, and is really a little in the dark until the revelation that discloses the final secret to everybody else as well as to herself. Of course, there is the usual number of characters, any one of whom might be the guilty one, and all of whom are evidently concealing some knowledge of the circumstances of the crime from coroner and detectives, as well as from the reader. For various reasons, they have been at the scene of the crime near the hour of its perpetration, although that hour was past midnight. To some extent, too, they appear to wish to shield one another. But with the woman detective, Mercedes Quero, alias Mary Grey, on their trail, clue is added to clue, until, with a mass of information in her hand, a confession is forced. Who makes that confession only a very skilful reader of detective stories will be likely to guess.

The Crime Doctor. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A perusal of Mr. Hornung's book would seem to lead to the conclusion, which we virtuously reject, that the curing of crime is not nearly so inspiriting as its commission. Doctor Dollar, the curer of crime, lacks the buoyant personality of Mr. Hornung's Raffles. In the interests of the impressionable young, the romantic criminal ought doubtless to be suppressed and the good doctor of crime encouraged, but in the interests of romance we prefer Raffles, and we fancy Mr. Hornung himself would share our opinion. And even if we must subordinate romance to good morals, some of Dr. Dollar's methods of treatment are open to criticism on that score. To our puritanical sense, for instance, it seems the height of impropriety for him to have cajoled an impressionable Home Secretary—a character obviously inspired by the picturesque figure which is at present at the head of the British Admiralty—into staying proceedings against a militant young lady who had inadvertently murdered a policeman for no better reason apparently than that she was comely and of an engaging personality; but perhaps Mr. Hornung thinks that the treatment of fair murderers is one of those things that "they do better in France." Dr. Dollar, however, is a disciple of the new theory of crime (or is there one still later?) that the criminal is a lunatic and that his mental deficiency will, if taken in time, usually yield to medical or surgical treatment. As a successful exponent of this theory, it can hardly be said that Dr. Dollar is particularly convincing, but Mr. Hornung has happily endowed him with the instincts of a detective as well as with those of a social reformer, and the result is that the half-dozen stories in this book are sufficiently readable to beguile pleasantly an idle hour.

A PACIFIC PEOPLE.

The Life and Thought of Japan. By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Illustrated. $1.25.

More and more the world must look to Japanese scholars and thinkers for valuable studies of the national life and characteristics. Material that is not open to the Occidental, even though he has been resident in the country for many years, is at the disposal of the native scholar. Especially is this the case when Buddhism, with its numerous sects, comes into the discussion, as it will do more and more. Its absorbent power, shown in its readiness to admit outside worthies into its pantheon—is it not willing to recognize Christ as Buddha?—renders it a dangerous rival of Christianity; and it is aggressive to-day.

With Mr. Okakura, who speaks from the educational standpoint, the religious attitude asserts itself as of particular value in the teachers whom he has to train. He reviews the history of the nation from the early times when Chinese civilization, with its insistence on ancestor-cult and filial piety, came in to modify the native deification of nature and race heroes. Then followed Buddhism, with its contemplative ideals, its dislike of bloodshed, its imposing ritual. Mr. Okakura credits his people, however, with an inborn dislike of bloodshed, attributing this dislike, along with the apparently antagonistic, but equally strong, preference of that form of suicide known as *hara-kiri*, "to the prime motive of the love of cleanliness in body and mind." But his data and deductions both seem to need revision. The Japanese stage is grewsome with bloodshed, in which the audience finds a morbid satisfaction. And Mr. Mitford's story of an experience he had on the railway between Tokio and Yokohama, told in his recent "Japan's Inheritance," is not abnormal but characteristic. His fellow-passengers were all alighting from the carriages and hurrying in the direction of the engine. "I followed suit. To my horror, I found that a suicide had been the cause of the delay, and the track and the engine-wheels were being hastily cleared of the mangled remains of what had been a human body. But more horrible still, to my mind, was the attitude of the crowd. Neither horror, nor disgust, nor pity could be traced upon a single face. If the general expression might be summed up in a phrase, it was one of amused interest." In regard to the other symptom of a love of cleanliness, Mr. Okakura's logic is quaint. "As I have intimated," he says, "the very mode of suicide by cutting open the belly, *hara-kiri*, is a result of the strong wish on the part of the suicide to show that his 'inside,' the supposed seat of his thought, was not guilty of impure meaning!" That the Japanese are great bathers, and like to keep the interiors of their houses spotlessly clean, is very true; but what about the vile smells that make their inns often absolutely unbearable to visitors who are at all fastidi-

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ous? And the vile smells everywhere? Their "cleanliness" does not differentiate them, racially or nationally, by any means, as Mr. Okakura would argue.

He carries this theme into all his evolutionary studies. Love of cleanliness becomes love of peace. "We sons of the Land of the Rising Sun," he declares, "are . . . a set of plain, and simple, peace-loving workers, plodding laboriously along the toilsome road of honest life. . . . We remain to this day the same old set of harmless islanders, with practically the same physical and mental traits that characterized our forefathers at the dawn of our authentic history." How, then, did it happen that Buddhism took on in Japan a military aspect that made it a menace to the secular government? Were not the Portuguese and the Jesuits welcomed because they brought with them the firearms which made Shogun and daimyos stronger? Did not Hideyoshi lead an army of invasion into Korea, largely because the number of idle armed men in the nation had become a danger? And was not Christianity stamped out, at Shimabara and elsewhere, with almost the insanity of cruelty? Mr. Okakura has not a word to say about the place in the evolution of his nation, and also of Buddhism, of those "unruly monks in the Buddhist monasteries" and "Buddhist generals," whom he mentions cursorily in his historical survey. That mild Buddhism, of all religions, should have assumed a military aspect in any country, surely reveals a fighting element inherent in its people. His argument that the Japanese spirit is essentially pacific is not really supported by the story he gives, for he neglects to "thresh out his wheat."

The seven chapters which make up the book were originally delivered in the form of lectures before a Boston audience. Some inconsistencies have been suffered to remain. For instance, at page 2, the author speaks of "Buddha, . . . undoubtedly one of the wisest, if not the wisest, of teachers of humanity," as having been asked by King Mahabrahman to preach the law on Vulture's Peak; but at page 71 he is called "The Indian Prince Gautama [who] attained Buddhaship by virtue of his enormous exertion and toil," and is only one Buddha in an endless chain of such teachers. On page 102 (twice) "Angero," Xavier's convert, should be Anjiro; and, at the foot of page 105, "A History of Japan During the Century of Early European Intercourse" should be credited to Yamagata as well as to Murdoch, for it is a conjoint work. There is unfortunately no index to give the book unity and reference value. Otherwise, the author deserves commendation for his clear and nervous English style, and the careful use he makes of good authorities. The closing chapter on Japanese Home Life and Society is judicious and illuminating, especially when he touches upon educational matters. Although there are kindergartens in Japan, he informs us, the kindergarten does not form part of the national system, and is viewed with disfavor by many educationists. "We are all agreed," he says, "in this, that there should be no systematic teaching, . . . and that the rooms in a kindergarten shall not be called rooms, but nursery-halls." The later severe task of memorizing Chinese ideographs is better undertaken by pupils who have not been spoiled by an enervating system of "reading made easy."

MACHIAVELLI'S FALL.

La Disgrâce de Nicolas Machiavel—Florence: 1469-1527. By Jean Dubreton. Paris: Mercure de France. 3.50 francs.

This is a handy book of Machiavelli's interior life, if we may call it so. That life of his has been passed over or exaggerated in the ages of shifting reputation of the public man and writer:

> Never had a man so many faces as Machiavelli and all—or nearly so—have been fashioned from wickedness.

In the sixteenth century, he was in France an atheist and his book was the "gospel" of Catherine de Médicis; at Rome he was solemnly condemned; and he all but became a Turk when Sultan Amurath was found reading his "Prince" at Constantinople. In the seventeenth century he was a Republican preaching tyrannicide; and England confounded him with the Jesuits, while Holland defended him against the priests. In the eighteenth century, the encyclopædists made him out a professor of tyranny; and Montesquieu announced: "The bill of exchange has killed Machiavellism." Napoleon at St. Helena thought it wise to defend himself from some eulogy of the writer which he had made in his day of power. Then Macaulay came to inform the nineteenth century that Machiavelli could only have been a man of his time, with all the inconsistency that implies. Stendhal, who was not yet read, had been reading him; and, after him, Nietzsche taught disciples to admire his time of will-contradictions. At last, Italian learning has given to the twentieth century the copious and complete life and times and works of the disputed Florentine:

> We wish to approach Machiavelli from another corner—not in the way he approached the ancients, in court costume—but in his working dress of every day, like a manual laborer and official—for with him it is good to have functionaries' talk.

He was the typical functionary of a proud and independent city undergoing revolutions; and as such he came to have fellowship with a captain of the highways; that Cesare Borgia who now gives him renewed actuality. For in this terrible Italian Renaissance the world is now reviewing past valuations with many doubts. Our author recognizes the crisis in his hero's life, which he is not far from making out a legend:

> Machiavelli remained with Cesare Borgia three months and a half (as Florentine envoy in the Romagne which have just been repeating in modern style that old campaign). He passed "big hours" in his company—eighteen or nineteen conversations which he has summed up in his "Legations." It was the fatal moment for him, a terrible *tête-à-tête* which has fixed his place in history. The romantic taste which willed the coupling of these two names, the need of popularizing, levelling, planing down to bring figures of history into equilibrium and to unite fames that affright, the unexhausted abundance of commentaries on the "Legations" and the "Prince" have made sure of such everlasting conversation. The Borgia-Machiavelli dialogue still continues.

It forms, however, a small part of this volume, which gives the common life of the man through the long years of his petulant letter-writing—often very common and sometimes squalid and worse, and not fitted for the reading of youth nor of too inquisitive age. No wonder that the world judged ill what was so full of contradiction.

No one understood the extreme nobleness—nobleness of a workman of the last hour—amid so much mediocre manual labor of this true workman, builder, engineer, tactician, intendant of troops, who alone gave all at this last hour. Yet in his letters, there passes I know not what of the patriotic and revolutionary enthusiasm of a hero of the Commune.

THE SEA FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our Many-Sided Navy. By Robert W. Neeser. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

It is time that a book like this should appear, that our people may gain an inside and accurate view of their navy, and it is well that the book comes from the pen of an author so exceptionally qualified for his task. Not only is he a close student of, and an acknowledged authority on, naval affairs, but for months at a time he has been permitted by the Navy Department to live on board one or other of our battleships, so that what he tells us is based on personal experience and observation.

The average American knows the navy, if at all, only as he visits a ship in port, when the strenuous activities to fit her for her place in action are temporarily lulled, that officers and men may become acquainted with their families and friends, from whom they have been separated by long periods spent in exacting drills, manœuvres, training and exercises, with scant intervals of rest. From this visit he is too apt to gain the notion that the bluejackets' labors are solely to keep the ship in exquisite order and the brasses highly polished. So general is the ignorance of the real conditions of naval life that even the present Secretary of the Navy is reported to have issued his order establishing primary schools on board ship "to give the officers something to do beyond standing their watches, eating, and sleeping." Experts in such matters have found that American naval officers devote daily more hours to their work than any other class of men living—no trade, no profession excepted. The readers of Mr. Nees-

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er's book will be gradually convinced that these experts in efficiency cannot be far wrong. The marvel is that the days are long enough for the accomplishment of so much and that officers and men can remain contented under such a phenomenal stress, physical and mental. The wisdom and ingenuity which have introduced rewards, competition, team-work, into practically every phase of duty on board our ships finds its guerdon in the excellent feeling prevailing forward and aft and in the splendid morale of our sea-fighters, whether in the sailor's shirt or the lieutenant's "long-tailed blue."

Much space had to be given to descriptions of batteries, engines, torpedoes, etc.—the frame for the picture—but it is the treatment of the human element which deserves the greater share of attention. The mystery of how the recruit who, in the majority of cases, has never seen salt water, can in a surprisingly short space of time be made into a competent electrician, a good mechanic, or a gun pointer who lands his twelve-inch projectile on the bull's eye of a target five miles distant, is solved for us in this volume.

The chapter on the Organization of a Ship should be the first read, since it gives the key to the others and, incidentally, treats of discipline and messing on board. The Bluejackets' Daily Life relates the story of unflagging activity from early morn to sundown—there is no eight-hour day in the navy. There are notable chapters on The Battleship as an Educational Institution, Gunnery, Training, Target Practice, etc., written with full knowledge and in sympathetic vein. That on Sailor as Soldier explains the swiftness and success of the landing at Vera Cruz. The part of Athletics might seem overdone were one to forget that the sail and spar exercises, which, in the daily routine of the old-fashioned masted frigate, kept the crew in good physical condition, being wholly absent to-day, must be replaced by an equivalent; otherwise all hands would suffer in health.

A very illuminating reference to the many services the navy has rendered in times of peace is given in an Appendix. The list and nature of these services come as a surprise to those unacquainted with the obligations under which humanity has been laid by the extended labors of modest American seamen.

The volume is a credit to the Yale University Press. It is copiously illustrated, and is written in a familiar yet engaging style. There are a few typographical errors, but these are of minor importance. So much is said by the author of Guantanamo and its value as an outpost towards the Panama Canal that he ought to have supplied a map of the Caribbean Sea to make clear his contentions.

The book should be widely read, for it tends to correct many popular errors as to what our sailors are and what they are doing, and to justify to some extent the huge sums annually appropriated for their maintenance.

Notes

"Charles Stewart Parnell," by his brother, John Howard Parnell, will be published on September 19 by Henry Holt & Co.

"Soul-Spur," by Richard Wightman, is announced for publication in the autumn by the Century Company.

Little, Brown & Co. will publish this week "The Vanished Messenger," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "Oh! James," by H. M. Edgarton.

The Oxford University Press announces for publication this month "The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam," six studies by representative missionaries to Moslems.

The third volume of the collected essays of the late William Graham Sumner, under the title "The Challenge of Facts and Other Essays," is announced for publication early in the autumn by the Yale University Press. The volume, like its predecessors, is edited with an introduction by Albert G. Keller.

The following books are included in the September list of Frederick A. Stokes Company: "Clay and Rainbows," by Dion C. Calthrop; "Personality Plus," by Edna Ferber; "Burgess Unabridged," by Gelett Burgess; "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by F. J. H. Darton; "London Survivals," by P. H. Ditchfield; "The Forest of Arden," by George W. Edwards; "Sizing Up Uncle Sam," by George Fitch; "Complete Hoyle" (revised), by R. F. Foster; "Love, Home and the Inner Life," by Arthur H. Gleason; "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream," by Morton Grinnell; "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure; "Collector's Manual," by N. Hudson Moore. To the Great Men series will be added volumes on "Edison" and "Balzac," and to the Great Nations series one on "Republican Rome."

The indispensable Statesman's Year-Book (Macmillan; $3 net) comes to us in its fifty-first annual edition. Events in the Balkans have necessitated such alterations in boundaries as to make a new map of the troubled region most welcome. Turkey and China, also, have gone through transformations that have made a thorough revision of the sections dealing with them necessary. The introductory tables have received additions of interest, such as the course of food prices in various countries since the opening of the century, which, however, is too summary for more than the most general inferences. The volume, which, although it has grown to 1,500 pages, is not unwieldy, is edited as usual by J. Scott Keltie.

To the Wisdom of the East series a competent scholar, E. J. Thomas, has added a booklet entitled "Buddhist Scriptures" (Dutton; 70 cents net) which consists of a suitable introduction, historical and literary, and twenty-three short chapters of translation from the best-known Buddhist works, though somewhat abridged and occasionally given in essence rather than in translation. The editors of the series hope that their publications will be "ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West" and help to a revival of the true spirit of charity in religious matters. It is a worthy ambition and the selections from the Buddhist scriptures are well chosen to show the true spirit of a religion which embodied more than any other Eastern religion the very attitude of mind which the editors wish to see revived.

A. D. Innes, who is writing a four-volume History of England and the British Empire, is also publishing parallel with it a "Source Book of English History" (Cambridge University Press; two volumes, $1.10 net each). It is intended for use in schools, interesting the student by presenting history to him as it presented itself to the men of the time. The author chooses his selections from the contemporary writers wisely, groups them chronologically together in chapters so that they illustrate a period, and refrains from adding more than a minimum of necessary annotation of his own. This plan differs from that of many so-called "source-books" in that it does not contain constitutional documents for intensive study and interpretation. He aims rather to arouse the interest of the student and give him something of the flavor of the age. In the first volume, covering the years 597-1603 A. D., he naturally draws mostly from the delightful and fairly trustworthy chronicles, but adds also some selections of great literary as well as historical value such as those from Chaucer and "Piers Plowman." In the second volume, 1603-1815, he has shown good judgment in drawing largely from Clarendon, Cromwell's letters, Pepys, Defoe, Burnet, Walpole, and other interesting or amusing writers. He has given still more of the flavor of the age by the reproduction of authentic contemporary pictorial material of a varied nature. He has made, in fact, one of the most attractive source-books we have seen.

In one-third of a million words one can learn how sixteen years of a missionary's life passed, almost day by day—simply by reading "My Ogowe," by Robert Hamill Nassau (Neale; $3 net). The account of discouragingly slow progress in the arts of civilization among the natives along the Ogowé or Ogoway River in equatorial West Africa is veracious, but hardly engrossing. Verily, the leopard cannot change his spots. The author gives interesting, but scattering, details of the customs and superstitions of various tribes, without clearly limning their characteristics. He includes a good deal of sporadic information about the use of the aborigines in the ivory and rubber trades, without giving anywhere the full account which, from an eye-witness so familiar with conditions, would have been valuable. He mentions frequently the fauna and flora without describing their distinctive features. In short, the topics of most interest to his readers he treats in a persistently allusive manner. The volume is a portentous example of the necessity of vigorous sifting and sorting of material.

The aim of Moreley de Wolf Hemmeon's "Burgage Tenure in Mediæval England" (Harvard University Press) is to give a specific description of urban tenure, as practiced in England in the Middle Ages, avoiding speculation as to its origin, and dealing only with the facts as they are found. As the subject has been far from adequately dealt with in the past, Dr. Hemmeon's monograph, despite its somewhat uningratiating

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style, supplies a genuine want. The first thing shown is the connection between the burgage and the feudal tenure as regards the extent to which the former was affected by the incidents and other concomitants of the latter, or by the incidents of villeinage, if such should be shown to have existed in boroughs. The purely economic phases of the tenure are next considered, such as the amounts and incidence of the original or quit-rents, and in addition rents and prices of realty in the boroughs. This is followed by a discussion of what was, perhaps, the most important feature of the tenure—its modern aspect, with mediæval modifications, in regard to freedom of sale and of devise. The work closes with deductions and conclusions from the foregoing material, and, in addition, the urban tenure in England is compared with that in parts of France, in the Netherlands, and in Germany. As it is in the last country that burgage tenure finds its nearest counterpart, and as the tenure there has not been directly treated heretofore, an appendix is devoted to a short account of the tenure in German cities.

In looking through the Fourth Volume of "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association" (Oxford University Press), collected by C. H. Herford, many American readers will be puzzled to imagine the kind of public which the editor had in mind in selecting his materials. An article like A. R. Skemp's on "The Plays of Mr. John Galsworthy" might appear in any of the current monthlies. On the other hand, "Some Unconsidered Elements in English Place-Names," by A. Mawer, is of a highly technical character and so finds its natural place in the publications of a learned society. There is, of course, much truth in the reproach which we often hear from our English colleagues that learning and literature in this country too rarely walk hand in hand, but the difference between such articles as those we have named, from the nature of the subjects, is fundamental, and their inclusion in the same volume seems to indicate a divided aim. After all, however, the main thing is that the essays and studies thus brought together should be good in their respective kinds, and from this point of view only a favorable judgment can be rendered in the present instance.

The best article in the volume, J. E. Spingarn's "Note on Dramatic Criticism," comes from this side of the ocean. We have here a much-needed protest against the tendency of the times in dramatic criticism to ascribe an excessive importance to "dramatic technique," the material conditions of the theatre, the influence of the audience, and the conformation of the stage. "What the unities, decorum, *liaison des scènes*, and kindred petty limitations and restrictions were to dramatic theory in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," says Professor Spingarn, "these things are to criticism in the nineteenth and twentieth. They constitute the new pedantry, against which all æsthetic criticism, as well as all creative literature, must wage a battle for life." In illustration of the point at issue we might cite a recent writer on Shakespeare, who explains the differences between the plays of the dramatist's second and third periods, respectively, as largely due to the fact that his company had changed in the interval from the Theatre, with its apprentice patrons, to the Globe, where the audiences were of a better class. This really brilliant "note" takes as its starting-point the "Dramatic Museum" of a certain American university (which is not named but which most readers will easily identify) as an extreme manifestation of the spirit which it criticises. Professor Spingarn indicates briefly the development of these ideas from Castelvetro down, through Diderot, Schlegel, and others, to their culmination in our own day.

Of far greater importance than its brevity would suggest is Prof. Oliver Elton's thoughtful essay on "English Prose Numbers," with its classification of the various species of rhythm that are distinguishable in English prose. The great impulse to the study of prose rhythms which was given by Norden's "Die Antike Kunstprosa" (1898) has since communicated itself to the modern languages and we have had within the past two years Professor Saintsbury's elaborate, but, on the whole, unsatisfactory, "History of English Prose Rhythm." The present article, short as it is, seems to us to furnish a better theoretical basis for the study of the subject than Professor Saintsbury's book. Instructive, also, is Miss Lilian Winstanley's article on "Platonism in Shelley." We observe here, however, the disadvantage in the plan of the collection which we commented on at the beginning. The desire to produce something that will appeal to a wider circle of readers deprives this essay of finality. To possess that quality it would have to include a definite and, as far as possible, complete list of the works and passages in Plato and Shelley which connect the two writers, together, of course, with appropriate discussions of the same. But not only would such an investigation be extremely laborious—the result would have no attraction save for the professional student. Miss Winstanley's essay is cast on a much more modest scale than such a study as we have just indicated, but it marks an advance on any previous treatment of the subject. Two contributions to this volume remain to be mentioned: a reprint of the first edition of Defoe's "True-Born Englishman," by A. C. Guthkelch, and G. P. Baker's "Dramatic Technique in Marlowe."

Among the leaders in the remarkable development of linguistic and grammatical studies during the last forty years of the nineteenth century no one was more distinguished for vigor and originality than the late Henry Sweet. A volume of his "Collected Papers," arranged by H. C. Wyld, which has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, will accordingly be welcomed by students of this class of subjects. Most of these papers appeared first in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*, others in German technical periodicals, and one was read before the Shelley Society. Sweet was particularly strong in the observation and analysis of the sounds of living speech, and so we find one-half of the present volume devoted to his system of sound notation (modified from Bell's) and to discussions of spoken Danish, Swedish, Russian, Portuguese, and North Welsh, specimens of phonetic transcriptions from these languages being given in each case. This enumeration is in itself sufficient testimony to the astonishing range of the writer's observation of linguistic phenomena. His intimate and varied knowledge of living languages stood him, of course, in good stead when it came to the discussion of the languages of the past. Five of the remaining papers, ranging from 1874 to 1882, were reports on the progress of linguistic science that were read before the Philological Society at various times during this period. Four more, including his first published paper (1869), "The History of the TH in English," relate to general principles of linguistic study. We know of no contribution to the study of language that within the same compass leaves such an impression of power as the first paper of the last-named group, viz., that which is entitled "Words, Logic, and Grammar" (1876).

"The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich, sometime professor in the Imperial Government College, Kioto (Chicago: McClurg; $1.50 net), is the sixth volume in a series in which the same author has already considered China, Africa, Russia, Mexico, and Canada. It is partly a history of the Hawaiian Islands, partly a description of present conditions, and least of all an attempt to forecast their future, the one thing which the title would suggest. The historical portion is not sufficiently connected and complete to be satisfactory, nor is it always careful of accuracy. In the account of probable visits to the islands before Cook, the story of the wrecking of one of Alvaro de Saavedra's vessels on the coast of Hawaii is alluded to under a date nearly a century too late. The account of the annexation of the islands to the United States is hopelessly fragmentary, possibly because, as Horace suggested to Pollio centuries ago, there was a little danger of treading on live coals underneath the apparently innocent ashes. The real tragedy of the Hawaiian people, fading so rapidly out of existence in a situation where commonsense and justice might have helped them into a healthful civilization of their own, may be read very easily between Mr. Goodrich's lines, although he himself does not see it clearly or feel its force. To attribute the change from an increasing to a decreasing population to indiscreet horseback riding by Hawaiian women will not do. It is preposterous to assign any serious importance to chance accidents from this source in comparison with the ravages of the syphilitic infection first introduced by the sailors of Captain Cook and reinforced with sad regularity by subsequent European and American visitors. There is a great deal of valuable material in this book, but it is poorly arranged, in addition to such other defects as we have indicated. For one thing, however, we may give the author high credit. He sees no necessity of filling the Pacific with warships for fear that Great Britain, Germany, or Japan may choose to wrest the islands from our grasp. With suitable corrections, additions, and rearrangement, the volume might be transformed into a useful "handbook."

Nine years ago William Sharp McKechnie, lecturer on constitutional law and history in the University of Glasgow, issued a bulky volume containing a commentary on "Magna Carta." The work was received with approval at the time, as well planned and useful, but it was subjected to numerous and weighty criticisms. Aware of the defects of the book and desirous of bringing it up to date in matters of scholarship, Dr. McKechnie has recast what he had written, and has issued a second edition (Glasgow: Maclehose). The result is a sounder and more scholarly production in which errors have been cor-

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rected and weak statements strengthened. Much new material, also, has been added, and some changes have been made in the appendix of documents. The work is now an excellent commentary on what is perhaps the most famous single text in secular history. Mediæval texts edited by modernists are bound to show at times a certain artificiality of interpretation, and Dr. McKechnie's volume is no exception to the rule; but all things considered it may be commended as a sound and serviceable contribution to the subject.

The series of the "Original Narratives of Early American History" continues the measured tread of its progress, and grows in strength as it proceeds. The last three volumes have risen to a very high level of scholarly excellence, and now a newly issued volume on "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1706," edited by Prof. George L. Burr, of Cornell University (Scribners; $3 net), enhances materially the repute of the series. It is a model of what such a work should be, combining subject-matter of great human interest with editorial supervision that cannot be improved upon. Professor Burr has made the field of witchcraft, in all its aspects, peculiarly his own, and beyond all others is competent to deal with the colonial phases of the great delusion. These witchcraft tales, as he says, were "bulletins of a war more actual, more cruel, more momentous than any fray of flesh and blood," because they recorded contests in that mysterious and imaginary world where Heaven and Hell, orthodoxy and the Devil fought for the mastery. The panic was not a passing madness of the Christian Church, nor was it local to New England. It was a phase in the history of Christian thought, representing the influence, in about equal terms, of two great forces in the life of modern society, human psychology and Christian theology. The witch-panic found no manifestation in those parts of the world where Christianity did not flourish; it was confined to Christian lands, Roman Catholic or Protestant, and as the outcome of belief in the powers of Satan was a terrible witness to human ignorance and human fears.

The witch-epidemic broke out in nearly all the colonies during some part or other of the seventeenth century. Independent narratives or documents are here printed for all the colonies, where the manifestations appeared, except Connecticut. Two of Connecticut's cases, however, are dealt with by Increase Mather in his "Remarkable Providences," and Prof. Burr prints a bibliography of Connecticut witchcraft in a footnote (p. 16). Thirteen accounts are given, of which all but three relate to New England. The others, which are not narratives but court records, relate to New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Of the New England narratives, one is here printed for the first time, Cotton Mather's "A Brand Pluck'd Out of the Burning" (1693), an account of the case of Mercy Short, which was to have been edited and printed long ago by Dr. Samuel F. Haven, formerly librarian of the American Antiquarian Society. This narrative throws light not only on the Salem trials, but also on Mather's attitude towards them, and it is a matter of congratulation to all concerned that at last we have so authoritative an edition of this unique text. No narrative can compare with it "for the appraisal of [Mather's] credulity and of his rôle as exorcist and as dupe" or for disclosing his innermost thoughts regarding "the Bewitched people tormented by Invisible Furies in the County of Essex." In reading this volume one cannot but be impressed with the New Englander's mania for writing down his thoughts. Ministers and laymen between them have contributed 90 per cent. of its contents, and of that proportion the Mathers, father and son, have contributed no less than half.

The healing power of time is well illustrated by the tolerant interest with which the present generation of Northern readers may be expected to welcome Colyer Meriwether's life of Raphael Semmes (Philadelphia: Jacobs; $1.25 net), the latest addition to the American Crisis Biographies. Mr. Meriwether has not, apparently, unearthed much new material, and has naturally relied a good deal upon Semmes's own books, "Service Afloat" and the "Cruise of the Alabama." Of the available printed authorities, however, he has made industrious use. The chief place, in any biography of Semmes, must, of course, be given to his career as commander of the Sumter and Alabama, and the account of these episodes is both readable and meritorious. For the rest, there is a good narrative of Semmes's service in the Mexican War, an elaborate summary, with becoming refutation, of his views on the constitutionality of secession, and a careful sketch of his life from 1865 until his death, in 1877. Admirers of Gideon Welles's "Diary" will do well to examine Mr. Meriwether's outspoken criticism of Welles for his official attitude towards Semmes.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The public librarians in some English cities are blaming the picture palaces for the decreases they report in the number of books issued. It is admitted, however, that interest in certain authors—notably Dante, Scott, Dickens, and Hugo—has been stimulated by the films that have "visualized" their works. At Kendal, for example, during the representation of "Ivanhoe" there was an unprecedented demand for the novel itself. When a film of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was recently shown at Newcastle, one local bookseller sold in a few days no less than forty-three copies of the book.

At the Congress of the British Radical Association recently held in Aberdeen the address of outstanding interest to the layman was that of the president of the year, Dr. Archibald Garrod, on "Medicine from the Chemical Standpoint." It is described in one of the reports as a grave and considered rebuke of the food faddist, whether qualified or unqualified. "I would venture to assert," declared Dr. Garrod, "that two-thirds of the restrictions [in diet] imposed upon sufferers from particular maladies find no real justification in the teachings of science or experience. How contradictory are the directions given by different advisers to gouty patients as to details of dietary, and how few of them can be justified by reason or argument!"

Pitchpine from the United States has at last won its way into French Government offices, where the *protocole* regulates furniture as rigorously as it does precedence. In the various Ministries in Paris and in the Prefectures of the Departments in the provinces, oak upholstered in rep is reserved for "directors'" private offices; the "chefs de bureau" have mahogany and red rugs; walnut and green carpets belong to the "sous-chefs"; the chief clerks have to be content with leather-covered chairs and varnished black-wood tables, while the "expéditionnaire" has a cane-bottomed chair and schoolboy's desk. This was the lowest end of the official hierarchy until the advent of the typewriter, with the *petites dactylographes*. These have now been recognized as having a right to pitchpine—a new triumph of Feminism.

Lucien Poincaré, the younger brother of the President of the French Republic, has been appointed Director of Higher, that is, University, Education, which is the highest Government place under the Minister of Public Instruction. It is not a Cabinet position, and the appointment is not due to political influence; but it has been won by natural promotion in the University service. The outgoing Director, Albert Bayet, has held the post since 1902 under fifteen Governments. Lucien Poincaré has spent his whole career in the University, beginning with his studies at the Ecole Normale in its famous days. After usual professorships in state colleges of the provinces, and then in Paris, he was appointed to lecture in the Paris Faculty of Sciences. He earned scientific distinction in physics, particularly in electricity, by his researches and writings. He must have shared his brother's administrative ability, for he was soon named to be University Rector at Chambéry, and then Government Inspector-General of Public Instruction. This final promotion crowns this typical career of a successful French Universitarian. The Poincaré family has had other noted men of learning. Among them was that glory of French science, Henri Poincaré. He was first cousin of the President and brother of Madame Emile Boutroux, whose son is mathematical professor at Princeton University.

The death of its founder has led to the absorption of the Hetzel publishing house by the older Hachette Company, of Paris. Hetzel's chief claim to interest is his discovery and appropriation of Jules Verne. He began with him by a life contract, guaranteeing an annual sum of $4,000—which seemed immense riches to the unknown writer. It was not at all proportionate to the rapid success and sale of his books throughout the known world. Jules Verne was content with his bargain, and for many, many years furnished dutifully his two volumes a year. At his death, he left several more finished or nearly so, which explains the continued appearance of new works bearing his name. Hetzel took pains to provide the writer who was laying golden eggs for him with a yacht and all other appurtenances necessary or useful to stimulate his inventive powers. This publishing house had many other successes, nearly all in the same line of higher school-boy reading, but none of at all the same spread. For the needed illustration, excellent line engravings were used, photo-processes not then having been adopted. Copies of some of these publications, illustrated by Riou and Yan d'Argent, and, particularly, Th. Schuler's wood-cuts for Hetzel's popular

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edition of Erckmann-Chatrian, have now a certain art value.

Hunger and thirst after sensational stories perhaps obscured the very real lesson conveyed by the chief actor at the trial of Madame Caillaux. The husband had to explain his attitude towards Madame Caillaux the first, with whom he was confronted before the Parisian jury which was trying Madame Caillaux the second. He complained that this first wife of his had not the same "mentality" as himself, that she was not of his world, and was consequently without community of feelings with him. On the contrary, he married his second wife, and found perfect peace with her, because she was a *bourgeoise* just as he was a *bourgeois*. This is of interest from the fact that Madame Caillaux the first has American antecedents and experience—and, among conservative Europeans, the objection to American marriages is based precisely on this bringing in of a spirit alien, if not hostile, to the life of the European party. English and, particularly, American newspapers have indulged in certain obvious and not very intelligent pleasantries on the trial. It might well be contrasted with the case of Parnell, in which politics of equal bitterness were mixed with the course of love—but that case was tried out of court and, mainly, by the celebrated Nonconformist conscience. The striking difference is that foreign journalists seem not to know just where conscience is in France, or, indeed, if there is any. Their pleasantries, of course, have been those of schoolboys play-acting about some distant land with which they are not acquainted. In the meantime, whatever may be thought of the moralities of the case, it should not be forgotten that M. Caillaux has given his proofs as one of the most brilliant Finance Ministers of France, if not of the world, though not the safest. And for that, surely, a master head, if not a New England conscience, is required.

Without belonging officially to German *Cultur*, there is an amount of fossil French to be found in the popular use of Berlin. Clinking glasses to the cry "Prost Knusemann!" is not easily traced to the French "que nous aimons" (the one we love), with the Latin health "Prosit" before. Coachmen declining a fare used to say "Grüssen sie Murmillier!" not knowing they were keeping up all the feud of their guild with Lieutenant de Merveilleux, who was from Swiss Neuchâtel when it was under Prussia. The veterans of the War of 1870 have a proverbial respect for the French commander, Max Mahon (MacMahon). The great-grandson of the Gobelins tapestry-maker, Luc Cossart, a Huguenot, who took refuge in Prussia after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was a genuine German, as shown by his name "Luka Kaiser." Odon became Otto; La Fosse was translated Grabow, just as French Canadian Court-demanche is "Short-sleeves" in New England; and Manclerc is Munklerg. "Schuskla!" chanted for the player who has to draw cards is the French "Fourrez-fourrez-fourrez-jusque-là" abbreviated. All this may not be of much use in dictionaries, but it helps to understand the inextricable mixing up of words of unexpected origin in native and idiomatic expressions, and the mingling of parti-tongued humanity which gave rise to it.

Science

COUNT RUMFORD.

MUNICH, July 11.

The Royal Bavarian Academy of Science joined forces with the magistracy of Munich in commemorating this morning* the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Count Rumford, better known to Americans as Benjamin Thompson. Even among the greatest, few men are actually remembered one hundred years after they have passed away; the tribute to Count Rumford was all the more remarkable because at the time of his death at Auteuil (Paris) opinions about the man were still divided, though his great achievements in science were generally recognized. To follow an account of Thompson's career, from his birth, on March 26, 1753, in the small town of Woburn, Mass., through his early life, passed in the most humble circumstances, until we find him one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most notable figures of the day, is to be transported into the realm of historical romances. Famous as a many-sided scientist, he was the founder of the Royal Institution of England, an active member of the Royal Society of Great Britain and of the Bavarian Academy of Science, and in closest touch with the scholars of the French Academy. In addition to this, he was a powerful influence in military and diplomatic circles in England and in Bavaria, and during his sojourn in Munich became the power behind the throne, instituting political reforms, the effects of which are still felt, and leaving behind him traces of his interest in promoting the welfare of the people of Munich that have kept his memory fresh even in the minds of the masses. Among Americans, Franklin, whom Rumford resembles in the manysidedness of his talents and in the contradictory elements in his nature, is his only rival in romantic interest.

The commemorative exercises held in the beautiful *Festsaal* of the older Rathaus revealed the permanence of the impress made by Count Rumford on the city of Munich during his residence here over 130 years ago. The assemblage itself was a notable tribute to this remarkable man. The members of the Bavarian Academy were present in their resplendent uniforms, the city was represented by the "Oberbürgermeister" and the members of the magistracy; royalty sent as delegates Prince Alfons, a cousin of the King, and Prince Konrad, the King's nephew, besides several members of the Cabinet, and in the large audience were to be seen the leading scholars, artists, physicians, and men of letters of Munich and prominent citizens in various walks of life.

The chief magistrate, Dr. von Borscht, made the opening address, in which he emphasized the services Count Rumford had rendered the city of Munich. It was he who projected and laid out Munich's beautiful park, which still bears the name "English Garden," because it was modelled on the parks of England; he introduced a new kind of stove which saved fuel and prevented the thick clouds of smoke that polluted the atmosphere. He taught the people how to make nutritious soups at an absurdly low cost. For many years "Rumford soup" was one of the staple articles of food among the poorer classes. It was Rumford also who introduced the use of potatoes in Bavaria as an article of food, and it is curious to read of the opposition that his efforts first encountered. He instituted shelters for the poor, provided municipal activity for them, and abolished promiscuous begging in the streets. In various other directions he laid the foundations for the excellent administration of the city which has made Munich one of the most attractive as well as one of the healthiest and happiest cities of Europe.

Count Rumford's larger services to the state and his important contributions to science, particularly in the domain of physics and chemistry, were set forth in the main oration of the day by the president of the Bavarian Academy, the distinguished historian, Dr. von Heigel, who also told the details of Count Rumford's romantic career as revealed by unpublished material in the archives of the city. He quoted from a letter which threw definite light on the reasons that prompted Thompson to leave his native land and to seek his fortune in Europe. After receiving a fair education, which included a partial course at Harvard, young Thompson served as an apprentice in a shop in Salem, and subsequently in Boston, afterwards taught school in Wilmington, Mass., and in Rumford, N. H., and at the same time carried on his studies in physics. At an age when others were still pursuing their studies at school, he was ready to undertake original researches and experiments with gunpowder and the velocity of projectiles, the problem of perpetual motion, and the like. He became interested in military science also, and took service in the New Hampshire militia. At the outbreak of hostilities with England, he sided with the mother country, and so pronounced were his sympathies that he proceeded to England to place his services at the disposal of the Government. His attitude naturally made him exceedingly unpopular in the colonies, and this no doubt was the main reason for turning his back on his native land, to which he returned but once, and then only for a short time. The letter unearthed by Professor von Heigel indicates that his attitude was prompted by an apparently sincere conviction that England was right. It is rather surprising to find one brought up as he was siding with the aristocracy and declaring unequivocally in favor of a constitutional monarchy as the best form of government. Throughout his career he showed these two sides of his nature—a strong leaning towards aristocracy based on a dis-

*The actual date of his death was August 25, 1814. The Munich memorial was held a few weeks earlier because of the University vacation, which begins in August.

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st of democracy, and an equally strong desire to improve the condition of the masses. In his scientific work Professor von Heigel showed he was actuated by this practical and philanthropic aim. He believed that scholarship and science should be yoked to public service; that both should be cultivated to improve conditions of life. Wherever he was, in England, Ireland, Bavaria, and later in France, he was busy with plans of reform, municipal and economic reforms, the reform of military organization which he worked out in detail in Bavaria; reform of scientific work, which led to the establishment of the Royal Institution in England in 1799, and prompted him, after his admission to the Bavarian Academy, to evolve an elaborate plan for the reorganization of that body.

Naturally, he reaped the unpopularity of the reformer, which showed itself in the circumstances that forced his departure from Munich. His coming to that city was in the nature of an accident. After arriving in England, where he was well received in aristocratic and military circles, he took service in the Department of State, passing from one position to another until he reached the rank of Under-Secretary. At the same time he carried on researches in various directions, and received recognition by being made a member of the Royal Society. The most famous scholars of the day became his intimates, and his scientific activity in the midst of his official duties was prodigious. In 1782 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the English army, and embarked for America to fight against the Colonies. Fortunately, the war soon came to an end and his military activity was limited to some skirmishing near Charleston. He returned to England, and in 1783 retired from the army on half-pay after having been knighted by George III. He then proceeded to Vienna to offer his services to Emperor Joseph II in the impending war against Turkey. On his way to Vienna he passed through Munich and presented his letters to the reigning Elector, Karl Theodor. Thompson, who was very tall and handsome, apparently made a favorable impression on the Elector, and when, on reaching Vienna, he found that war had been averted, he returned to Munich and became the Elector's personal adjutant. He soon began to unfold an astonishing activity and held various posts, from Chief of Police for Munich to Minister of War for the State. His plan for reforming the military organization of Bavaria, which, it is interesting to note, involved an elaborate system of general education for soldiers, aroused much discussion, as did his efforts for the improvement of the city. Increasing influence added to his sense of importance, and he made the fatal mistake of allowing a letter addressed to the King commending his services to be printed and distributed. This aroused the ire of the city magistrates, who began a campaign against the foreigner and "intruder" which finally forced the Elector in 1796 to dismiss him.

Meanwhile, Thompson had been elevated to the highest peerage, choosing his title, Count Rumford, from the name of the town in New Hampshire (now Concord), where he had married when less than twenty years old (or, as he says in a letter, "was married to") Sarah Walker, who was thirteen years his senior, but who had the advantage of bringing her husband a competency. His wife had died in 1792, and it was partly as a tribute to her memory that he chose his new title. He was also accorded a handsome pension and, as an additional mark of royal favor, was appointed Ambassador from Bavaria to the Court of St. James's. Here he encountered the severest disappointment of his life, for after his arrival in England he was told by Canning, the Prime Minister, that as an English subject, which Count Rumford still was, he could not act as the representative of a foreign country. It was a severe blow to his pride, and for a time he thought of returning to his native country. An inquiry as to whether he would be permitted to enter the United States, and how he would be received, elicited the reply that the Government would welcome him and give him some military post consistent with his high distinction and wide renown. He, however, decided to remain in Europe, passed some time in Ireland, where he projected improvements in hospitals and asylums, but spent most of his time during the succeeding years in London, actively engaged in scientific researches and endeavoring to carry out social and economic reforms which had on the whole been so successfully applied in Bavaria. In London, as in Munich, he published papers of extraordinary value.

In 1802 he was called back to Munich, where he became as great a favorite with the King Max Joseph as he had been with his predecessor. He received an increased annual remuneration for his services and rose to the presidency of the Bavarian Academy. His marriage with the widow of the famous chemist, Lavoisier, in 1805, may have had something to do with his leaving Munich again and ultimately settling in Paris, where he was destined to end his days. This second marriage was not a happy experiment, and when on one occasion the Countess poured a pail of hot water over the Count's favorite poodle, the pair decided to separate. Count Rumford passed his last years in retirement at Auteuil, giving the impression of a disappointed and embittered man. In social intercourse he grew morose, but he retained his interest in science to the last. Indeed, some of his most notable researches were made during these years. The range of his researches was always exceedingly wide; he opened up many new avenues of investigation, and it is sufficient to mention here that no less an authority than Tyndall regards Count Rumford as the pioneer in the modern theory of heat.

It speaks well for him that, despite his voluntary exile, he retained so strong an affection for his native land. By his will he endowed a Rumford professorship of chemistry at Harvard. During his lifetime he had given a fund for the encouragement of research to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, and had sent a liberal sum for philanthropic purposes to the town of Rumford. When he died, his loss was mourned by no less than four countries.

In a summary of Count Rumford's character, Professor von Heigel properly emphasized certain defects of character which prevented him, despite his achievements, from gaining general confidence and esteem. He failed to give the impression that his motives in his public service, and even in his efforts for improving conditions of life for the masses, were of the highest. His attitude towards life was somewhat cynical. He believed that in order that people should be virtuous they must be made happy. Whatever he did to improve economic conditions was the result of calm and cold calculation; he was apparently not inspired by any deep enthusiasm or love for mankind. We have seen that he aroused opposition even when rendering useful and valuable services; and he had not the nature to bear the disappointments of life in a worthy manner. Granting all this, the fact remains that few men of his day did more to merit the gratitude and recognition of their fellow-men, and it is gratifying to see his memory thus revived in the city for which he did so much, though also somewhat humiliating to reflect that less notice has been taken in our own country of one who ranks so close to Franklin.

An excellent musical programme served to heighten the solemnity of the celebration. The Symphony Orchestra of Munich played the prelude of the "Meistersinger" in masterly style, and furnished the accompaniment to two splendid choruses, one a male chorus of about 100 voices chosen from the "Lehrergesangverein," and a children's chorus of some 200 school children. The former rendered Schubert-Liszt's "Great Is Jehovah," the latter Schmitt's composition of Wieland's anthem, "Praise be to thee, O Lord." The occasion was thus in every respect a noteworthy tribute to the memory of this extraordinary American.

It may perhaps be well to add that there are two monuments to Count Rumford in Munich, a high shaft in the English Garden, and a life-size bronze statue in the Maximilianstrasse, where he stands in a notable group of Munich's greatest citizens. In addition, an oil portrait of Count Rumford adorns the large hall of the Bavarian Academy. This portrait was transferred to the *Rathaus* for the commemorative meeting, where it was placed on an easel banked with beautiful flowers.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

"Weeds; Simple Lessons for Children," by Robert Lloyd Praeger (Putnam; 45 cents), is one of the Cambridge (England) Nature Study series. Its hundred pages are well written, well printed, and fairly well illustrated. But the book owes its chief interest to the fact that it is largely devoted to the plants and scenes of Ireland. The author even goes so far as to give the common Irish names of many of the plants which he describes, in *Irish type.*

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Drama and Music

CINEMA AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 18.

The Paris theatrical season began uncertainly in September of 1913, and it has ended palely in June of 1914. All the summer theatres which give far-away reproductions of Paris in watering and seaside places, the amphitheatres of "Nature" in the open air of mountain resorts, Corneille and Euripides amid Roman ruins at Orange, or Shakespeare with restored mediæval ramparts for stage-setting at Carcassonne, neither add to the season's significance nor detract from it.

The first sense of it is that, between legitimate theatre and cinema, this may destroy that. "There are years when things will not go!" Henry Mürger used to say. That has been true of Bohemia for so long a time that it has all but vanished; and it has been partly true of theatre and opera in Paris for more than a year. The question is how far the cinema is to blame for it. People did not realize in the past how much the *mobile vulgus* contributed to the receipts of the most select theatres. Perhaps they do not realize in the present how much the *élite* patronizes the cinema. At each of the theatrical failures of the year—and they are not few—the same question arises. It cannot be limited to France.

The closing of the theatre and opera of the Champs Elysées, which were supposed to run on American money, and the very moderate success of the American opera season, which later took over one of the halls for a month, have to be estimated by themselves. Paris may be cosmopolitan, but its power of assimilating exotic productions is limited. In these two cases, the public seems to have tended towards the minimum limit.

It is not the same with the State Opéra. Fashion, snobbishness, and sincere love of music combined to make "Parsifal" a financial success; but this alone was not enough to get the directors out of their troubles. They have resigned in the midst of their last year of contract with the French Government. The coming director, who was to begin his seven years' contract only at the New Year, has consented to take control in September—and he already has trouble of his own. It is not from the cinema, indeed; but it is from an even more non-musical element—orchestra and chorus and other labor unions clamoring for less service and more pay. The unions are a force in politics; and it has always been given as the excuse of difficulties at the Paris Opéra that politicians of influence interfered with the choice of singers—and *danseuses*.

It is a Spanish proverb, "Dogs dance for money"; and so operas and theatres and the cinema itself must look to the subsidy and the receipts. Art may or may not be their end and aim and final cause; but money is now and for ever their *conditio sine qua non*. This must not be mixed up with the year's most resonant failure—Joseph Strauss's attempt to interest a Parisian public in his "Legend of Joseph," an opera without words. The public was prepared neither for the art nor for the lack of art, whereas the lack of art in theatres which tire and bore aids the cinema, which goes on the principle that "variety is the spice of life!"

Just here there is a very curious flare-back of popular emotion. After knocking down the traditional theatre, the cinema may end by putting it on its feet again. A silly season's correspondence in a Paris newspaper turns upon the relation of the cinema to book-reading. "Does the representation of the plot of a novel at the cinematograph excite the curiosity of the spectator so that he will be likely to read the book?"

A publisher who has a specialty of popular editions of Victor Hugo, Beaumarchais, Zola, and even Racine and Corneille, was asked his experience of the cinema's effect on the sale of books. "Beyond belief!" he answered. "During the time that the film of the book is worked at the cinema, whole editions of the printed volume are sold. Even subscriptions to the illustrated edition of the complete works of Victor Hugo show the effect."

Now the same thing is taking place at the theatre—wherever managers are wise enough to take advantage of it. One Paris theatre in a popular quarter, while the cinema was exploiting the "Misérables" of Victor Hugo in the neighborhood, placarded everywhere: "This week the 'Misérables'—not cinema, but theatre!" The device succeeded; the cinema had prepared a public, perhaps a new one, for the theatre as it had done for the book. And it must be remembered that this influence of the cinema is strongest for great writers of imaginative literature, and should be so for great playwrights.

True, this may prove meagre consolation to the suffering theatrical writers of the present. Well, they must change their methods. The publics of different nations have always had different requirements in their amusements. In the attempt made some years ago to induce the Parisian public to look and listen to Gillette's "Secret Service," the lack of success was attributed for the most part to the breathless running on of events and running off of actors on the stage. People accustomed to following composedly narrower lives in more limited space and time experienced a mental confusion. It has been said of the American woman that pleasure to her is mainly excitement of vital changes. Perhaps the new drama, which will be a resultant of the struggle for life between theatre and cinema, will conform to new habits of eye and mind, quicker than our present potencies. None can doubt that the elementary emotions of human nature will still dominate the public, as they did in slow-moving Greek chorus and tragedy which was almost liturgy, as in Imperial shows that kept Rome tranquil, or parades of self-satisfaction before the Court of Louis XIV, or rutilance of Elizabethans.

That other factor of the contemporary life of youth—the automobile—tends towards the same composite result as the cinema. Its effect on Art for Art's sake has long been deplored; but it remains to be seen if the composite will not excel in clarity and suddenness of impression our late neurasthenics, "devoid of all mental security," as Jules Lemaître complained when Maeterlinck and Ibsen invaded Paris:

O, I see the ancient promise of my spirit hath not set:
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!

That was mid-Victorian foresight. Before it is realized in the coming theatre, Paris today verifies the insight of a lighter observer of a hundred years since:

—Here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melodrames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of Scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.

S. D.

"THE THIRD PARTY."

Described as a farcical comedy, "The Third Party," now being presented at the Shubert Theatre, lives up to its name. Humor of situation alternates with horse play in a manner to enhance the fun, which, if not always fast, is furious. The turns in the series of mishaps are managed with plausibility, so that the complications are increased up to the moment of their untangling, which process is suitably swift. The basis of the piece is the old device of mistaken identity. The confusion, however, is not accidental, but a deliberate ruse on the part of Hillary Chester and Rose Gaythorne, who, posing as husband and wife, in order that she may have an unchaperoned conference in the Restaurant Royal with Christopher Pottinger, M. P., are dragged by their misrepresentation into unanticipated consequences. Rose merely wants to obtain the influence of Pottinger on behalf of her fiancé, but, being interrupted by Mrs. Pottinger, to whom she and Chester are introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Gazzaza, is compelled to accept the invitation of that lady to proceed to the Pottinger country home. There she is recognized by Col. Redwood, who has strict ideas on marriage, and also, being a justice of the peace, power to enforce them. Peril from this source is averted long enough to allow the development of another complication in the presence of Hillary's fiancée, who is naturally surprised at his introduction to her as Mr. Gazzaza, and shocked at the presentation of a Mrs. Gazzaza.

Pottinger and Hillary are the centre of the action, which they make especially diverting by their awkward attempts to "explain" things to those not in the secret. Taylor Holmes, as Hillary, is excellent in his representation of the endeavor of "Mr. Gazzaza" to be loyal to Rose in the deception they are now driven to keep going, and at the same time to prevent his fiancée from doing what any fiancée would do under such cruel circumstances. His facial expression is particularly good. Walter Jones, as the harassed Pottinger, ably seconds him, and a word should be added in commendation of the cast in general.

R. J. D.

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Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" was about two years old when it was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, where it had nine performances last year, with the aid of a star cast. As a rule, however, the Strauss operas have to be produced fresh from the pen to succeed. Königsberg some weeks ago gave "Salome" for the first time, but found that it had waited too long. The public's interest could not be aroused in this once sensational work.

Palestrina, the oldest of all composers whose works are still likely to be heard in concert halls, was until recently believed to have been born in 1524 or 1526. Rieman accepts the latter date, for which Haberl pleads. But more recent researches seem to indicate that Palestrina was born in 1514. In view of this discovery, preparations have already begun in Italy for worthily celebrating the four hundredth birthday of the master who marks the climax of Catholic Church music as Bach does that of the Protestant Church. Wagner was a great admirer of Palestrina, and Saint-Saëns thinks that the beginnings of modern musical expression must be sought in the "Stabat Mater" of that old master.

The oldest of all surviving operas is the "Orfeo" of Gluck, whose two hundredth birthday has just been celebrated in Germany and France. His importance in the history of music lies in his "trying to forget that I am a musician" (as he put it) when composing an opera. In other words, he emphasized the maxim "The play's the thing" even in an opera, and thus controlled the vanity and the excesses of the singers, who, in the Italian productions of his day, had succeeded in making opera a mere occasion for their "stunts" in vocal embroidery. There is another important aspect of art, ignored by the historians, to which Dr. Max Arend calls attention in the "Gluck Heft" of *Die Musik* (Berlin), in an article entitled "Gluck, der Reformator des Tanzes." Not only, declares Dr. Arend, did Gluck's "Armida" furnish the model for the Flower Girl scene in Wagner's "Parsifal," but even Richard Strauss, in his latest work, "The Legend of Joseph," went back to Gluck, whose works he studied thoroughly. Gluck's working principles and ideals in creating his ballets are set forth briefly in a pamphlet by his collaborator Angiolini. Of this document the Vienna Hofbibliothek possesses the only existing copy. so far as is known to Dr. Arend, who has made a German translation of it which is incorporated in this "Gluck Heft" of *Die Musik*.

The *Musical Courier* announces that R. E. Johnston has arranged for an American tour of the famous Sevcik Quartet. It will begin with a recital in Aeolian Hall on the fifth of next January.

Frau Isolde Beidler, the daughter of Cosima Bülow-Wagner, has evidently made up her mind not to let the question whether she is the daughter of Hans von Bülow or of Richard Wagner rest where the courts left it. It is announced that she has in preparation a book to be entitled "Reminiscences of My Father"; and, as she has contended all along that she is the daughter of Wagner, it is obvious whom the book will be about. As she was eighteen years old when Wagner died, she will be able to add some interesting details to the innumerable facts already printed.

Art

VERMEER OF DELFT.

PART ONE:—A PAINTER WHO WAS MORE THAN A REALIST, AND TO WHOM TECHNIQUE WAS THE SYMBOL OF HIS DEAREST EMOTIONS.

In his early thirties, Jan Vermeer, of Delft, was conspicuous enough in his native town to be looked up by the French traveller, Balthazar de Monconys. The interview is recorded with tantalizing brevity in Balthazar's "Journal des Voyages," published in 1665: "At Delft, I saw the painter Vermeer, who had none of his own works, but we saw one at a baker's, which, though it had only one figure, had been sold at six hundred livres." It may be suspected that the baker was something less than the Mæcenas he appeared, for ten years later Vermeer's widow had a suit with a baker to whom two pictures had been pledged for precisely this sum. Vermeer's honorable, if short and unprosperous, career is represented to-day by half a dozen civic dates and by some thirty-seven magnificent pictures. On October 31, 1632, the year of Rembrandt's Anatomy Lesson, he was born in the clean and delightful town of Delft. Of his parents' condition and his own early education we know nothing. April 5, 1653, in his twenty-first year, he took a wife, Catharine Bolenes. They settled in the Old Long Dyke, and in twenty-two years of wedded life she bore him ten children, of whom eight survived their father. Eight months after his marriage, December 29, 1653, he joined the Painters' Guild of Saint Luke. It was three years and a half before he fully paid his initiation fee of only six florins. Nevertheless, in 1662, his fellow painters made him head man of the guild. He served for two years, and again for the same space in 1670 and 1671. He died on the 16th day of December, 1675, early in his forty-fourth year, and was entombed in the Old Church. Twenty years after his death his pictures were still esteemed. In an Amsterdam auction of 1696 twenty of his pictures—the list is still the basis for identification of his works—fetched very fair prices. Then followed more than a century and a half of obscuration.

His pictures, to be sure, for the most part survived, but were casually attributed to other artists—to Terborch and Pieter de Hooch, which was tolerable; to Metsu, which was somewhat less so, and to Eglon van der Neer, which was atrocious. When the indefatigable John Smith was compiling his "Catalogue Raisonné" of Flemish and Dutch paintings, about 1840, Vermeer received only incidental mention. But the moment of rehabilitation was at hand for Vermeer as for so many other forgotten artists. Before 1848, the year of revolutions, Bürger-Thoré had begun to hunt up and buy Vermeers. His comprehensive essays, which appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux-arts* for 1866, had the natural defects of all literature of discovery. Your true explorer is prone to see more than is there, and subsequent criticism has had to abate by half Thoré's list of some seventy-two Vermeers. It required still a generation to bring the world round to Thoré's feeling that Vermeer was a great master. As fine a critic as Fromentin could pass through the Netherlands in 1876 without so much as mentioning Vermeer. Gradually the writings of Henri Havard and Dr. Bode did something to popularize the master, but the movement of modern art was making even more strongly for a revival. Hals and Velasquez had already been consulted by Manet and his fellow impressionists. The generation represented by Degas had need of a still more exquisite exemplar. Vermeer became *par excellence* the painters' old master. Long before the dealers had perceived in him a sensational commodity, he was the shibboleth of cosmopolitan studios everywhere. Indeed, in one way and another he had anticipated many of the technical researches of the '60s and '70s. Nor was his spell there exhausted. As febrile an experimentalist as Vincent van Gogh was entranced by the poise and nobility of The Reader in the Rijksmuseum.

Scholarship and criticism have of late years amply confirmed the verdict of the studios. Hofstede de Groot's monumental Catalogue of the works of Karel Fabritius and Vermeer, 1907, was followed by the excellent little monograph of Gustave van Zype, not to mention a number of special articles by many hands, and now Philip Hale, an excellent painter himself, and a veteran teacher and critic, devotes to Vermeer the most elaborate stylistic analysis ever applied to any artist.*

To one who has ever found Vermeer a painter of the most personal and intimate charm, Mr. Hale's judgments come with a shock. Vermeer is treated as a cold realist, chiefly concerned with problems of lighting, values, edges. He was a pure eye: "he simply painted right on, striving to get the appearance of things." Subject-matter was indifferent to him, save as it was convenient or challenged his dexterity. "It may be said that Vermeer's vision was as impersonal as that of any painter who has ever lived." He was not "primarily a painter of women in the sense that Gainsborough was, or Watteau, but one guesses it was more convenient for him to get them to pose." His works are "simply coldly and definitely right, and they gain something of the hatred which those who are right must always endure." If this were the truth, and the whole truth, about Vermeer, my task

**Jan Vermeer, of Delft.* By Philip L. Hale. With reproductions of all of Vermeer's known paintings and examples of the work of certain of his contemporaries. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $10 net.

In this portly and well-printed octavo is contained practically everything that is known about Vermeer, full lists, and bibliography, a trial chronology, and a number of excellent color reproductions.

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would soon be done. I should merely have to epitomize Mr. Hale's admirable analysis of Vermeer's composition, values, tone, textures, edges, and repeat his warning to sentimentalists against merely subjective interpretations. But Mr. Hale's entire critique is a signal illustration of the fact that a half truth is more misleading than a flagrant falsehood. Vermeer was a great realist, and much more, and the much more is what greatly counts, and what we must endeavor to find. There is an established principle by which the artist tends to recreate the world in his own image, and the Vermeer reconstructed by Mr. Hale is amusingly like some able but not sufficiently appreciated member of the Boston school of painting, worthily pedestalled on unpopular heights. With a singular lack of humor, Vermeer is represented as a misliked artist. In this Vermeer I recognize as in a remorselessly skilful caricature certain traits of the artist that I love, but the whole picture seems so distorted that I must essay a far simpler portraiture of my own.

The aim of criticism is always to reconstitute a superior personality. If we stop with the mere analysis of his technique, we fail to explain why he ever undertook to create. For the motives to production, at least in the case of a great artist, involve the whole man, and especially his emotional life. His finest thoughts and feelings are the only value in his art. These thoughts and feelings are, of course, expressed by means of his technique. But if we study it merely for itself, we fall short of the vision of the artist. To him it was no cold device for simulating difficult reality, but the symbol of his dearest emotions. These symbols we must endeavor to read. Such reading, naturally, is more or less inferential, but at worst it will be truer to the facts than is the figment of the artist as a mere prestidigitator in a world from which all but art has been scrupulously eliminated. By a simple analysis of Vermeer's subject-matter we may ascertain his preferences. What, then, are admittedly the finest Vermeers?

The finest Vermeers, almost without exception, have no more ambitious subject-matter than a young and usually capable woman engaged in some household occupation. Sometimes she is a milkmaid, carefully pouring milk in her buttery (Amsterdam), or as a placid housewife, with one splendid gesture, she grasps a ewer, while with the other hand she opens a casement (Metropolitan Museum). Sometimes she stands at a window and with gently bent head reads a letter (Dresden, Amsterdam). In the loveliest of all the Vermeers, at Berlin, she only holds out a string of pearls from her fair throat. In one hardly less fine, she is carefully weighing pearls in a balance (Widener collection). Again, in more girlish guise, she bends with unconscious grace over the lace cushion and bobbins (the Louvre). To these may be added the exquisitely candid portrait of a young girl at The Hague. I have named most of the finest Vermeers. Clearly drama or narrative is not of their essence. Sometimes Vermeer's housewife is engaged in a more gentle occupation. She is writing (Morgan collection), playing a guitar or lute (Johnson and Huntington collections), playing the spinet (Beit collection and National Gallery), or standing at the virginals (National Gallery). Of Vermeer's thirty-five figure pieces, twenty-two contain only one figure, in nineteen cases that of a woman.

In eight cases, Vermeer painted compositions of two figures with some pretence of anecdotal subject-matter. Again, a woman always occupies the centre of the little stage. She is writing or receiving a letter, with a maid in attendance (Beit and Jules Simon collections and Rijksmuseum); she is chatting, drinking wine, or discussing a piece of music with a cavalier (Frick collection and Berlin). These conversation pieces are well carried off. They are more studied than a good Metsu, less pointed than a good Terborch. There is a little sense of effort in most of them, and the eight two-figure compositions include only two undoubted masterpieces, the bizarre, yet wholly lovely, Painter in his Studio, of the Czernin collection, Vienna, and the subtly complicated but very intimate Music Lesson at Windsor Castle.

Just three times Vermeer composed his anecdote with as many as three persons: Christ with Mary and Martha (Coats collection, Scotland); Girl with Wine Glass, at Brunswick, and the Music Lesson, at Fenway Court, the last formerly one of Thoré's pictures. All of these are fine Vermeers, but not quite the best. There is one four-figure composition, the early and not wholly successful The Courtesan, at Dresden. Five figures occur only in the homely idyl, Diana and Her Nymphs, at The Hague, again an early and experimental piece.

Does not this rather dull census after all suggest a temperament? Contrast this thinly peopled, often solitary, woman's world of Vermeer with the drastic man's world of Terborch, the casual bustling world of Metsu, the swarming humorous world of Jan Steen. All that these contemporaries reckoned necessary in a picture—action, drama, crucial state of mind—Vermeer calmly ignored. His action is nil, the state of mind of his characters undramatic, habitual, almost bovine. Oddly, since his flavor is domestic, he never plays upon the obvious and always winning theme of motherhood. It was an advantage he willingly conceded to Metsu and Rembrandt.

Shall we then conclude with Mr. Hale that for the charm of a Vermeer we must look merely to its consummate technique? A little study of the four or five women who grace the finest pictures will suggest that we must rather look to some rare lyrical sentiment in the artist's soul of which the technique, marvellous as it is, is merely a secondary evocation. Where else in Dutch art will you find such women as Vermeer's—the Milkmaid, stately as a Millet as she bends over the jug; the little Lacemaker, daintily alert as her beautiful hands attack resolutely their difficult task; the Lady at the Casement, quizzical, capable, with a peculiar sane sweetness; the plump creature of pearl-like blondness, radiant in azure and pale gold, who holds out a pearl necklace from a throat as lovely as the jewels; the candid, fearless young girl with a blue turban suddenly turning out of the picture, mouth half open at the wonder of a friendly world? To her even Mr. Hale has softened. Regarding her, he cites the Mona Lisa, and the analogy, by which he signally fails to profit, might have suggested to him something peculiar in Vermeer's attitude towards women. He observed them not merely with a remarkable attention, but with a special tenderness and reverence. M. Van Zype has aptly called Vermeer's emotional attitude chivalric, implying merely a respectful cult of womanhood and of beauty. It is just about the last sentiment one would expect to find in Holland of his time. Generally the Dutch masters treated woman as a plaything or a mere utility. They did not contemplate her; she hardly seemed worth the pains, but they plainly stated her points, chiefly as regards bed and board. Under such sensual and utilitarian criteria, the poetry which art usually detects in womanhood vanishes. The Dutch artist often rather cynically pokes fun at his women—Terborch does so impliedly, Steen directly—or, after the fashion of Metsu, celebrates the paying housewifely activities. Vermeer does this, and much more. He invests his women, in whom we may surely recognize his wife and daughters, with glamour. In the clean bright spaces of his home on the Old Long Dyke he contemplates the moral and physical beauty of those who have made that house a home. He finds beauty in all the household ritual, and when he seeks it farther afield, he often fails to find it. If ever a painter deserved to be called a feminist, it is Vermeer. He was, despite Mr. Hale, a painter of women, in his own fashion a precursor of Watteau and Gainsborough. It was easier to get women to pose? Possibly. Surely it was more delightful.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

"Ancient and Mediæval Art," by Margaret H. Bulley (Macmillan; $1.75 net), is an elementary textbook on a novel plan. Each period is introduced by an imaginary story which gives some notion of the times and of the condition of the artist. Then follows a chapter on the usual historical lines. Some disparity of style between the two parts naturally results, but the stories are ingenious and instructive, while the compilation is uncommonly well written, accurate, and up to date. The scope is wide, early Chinese and Mohammedan art being included. There are many well-selected illustrations. In schools and for the home instruction of children this book should prove useful.

"What Sculpture to See in Europe," by Lorinda Munson Bryant (Lane; $1.35 net), is an illustrated and very elementary guide fitted for the needs of the greenest type of tourist. It is vivaciously written in a sloppy

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way. For example, the flexibility of Michelangelo's dead Christ at St. Peter's is said to illustrate the master's scientific knowledge of *rigor mortis*. The general accuracy of the work may be fairly judged from this specimen.

Finance

IN THE LAST "GENERAL EUROPEAN WAR."

It has been commonly said that it is a century since Europe has been confronted with such a collision of hostile states, march of belligerent armies, and manœuvres of hostile fleets, as have suddenly been brought upon the scene in the past ten days. The statement is entirely true. No parallel for this war, in scope of operations or number of combatants involved—seven states have their armies in the field already—has been presented since the war which began on May 20, 1803, between France and England, which virtually lasted twelve years, and in which every Government of Europe was eventually engaged. In view of what has happened this week, in the finance and trade of the civilized world, a little retrospect is timely.

Both financially and commercially, those were days of small things, compared with these. War had, moreover, been so familiar to Europe, even before 1803, that ocean commerce was already more or less of a gamble. But there were some highly interesting events in those directions, nevertheless.

British consols dropped from 73 to 50 during the first months of the war in 1803. Holland, an ally of France, at once placed an embargo on all British commerce, and an immensely lucrative trade stopped short. From Continental ports like Hamburg, England at once recalled her merchant ships. The Italian Republic, then under Napoleon's domination, ordered that goods and deposit credits in that country, belonging to English merchants, should be seized to provide a fund from which Italian merchants could be recompensed for goods of their own detained in England.

The immediate result of all this was that Great Britain's export trade fell from £45,000,000 for 1802 to £36,000,000 for 1803. But it cut both ways; a letter from Paris, dated August, 1803, declared that "from our seaports we continue to hear of nothing but captures, loss, and failures; of total stagnation in trade and great scarcity of money." To those who have been concerned this week as to how the tourists in Europe would get home, it is interesting to recall what happened to them in May, 1803. There had been a year and a half of peace, and Englishmen, curious to see France under the new régime, had been thronging into that country. Napoleon ordered all of these English tourists—estimated as numbering ten thousand—to be seized and kept in prison. Some of them did not emerge until 1814.

Prices of commodities did not rise everywhere on the outbreak of that war; in England they fell, because of the blockade of the markets, and rose only when the Bank of England suspended specie payments and issued new banknotes not secured in gold, and when the European harvests failed in 1804. Until well on in the war, there was no such thing as drafts on foreign exchange. A merchant ship carried in its own strong box the gold for the business of its voyage, and usually three or four of such vessels would be escorted by a man-of-war. These were the rich prizes of the ocean warfare.

England, being the wealthiest nation even then, financed its long war by huge issues of British consols at 6 per cent. Napoleon began by selling Louisiana to the United States for $16,000,000; he persuaded Portugal to pay him 16,000,000 francs per annum on condition that she kept out of the area of warfare, and he assessed Spain, Italy, and Holland heavily.

As other European nations joined in the fight against France, England began to provide the money for the poorer European states to arm. It made these remittances to the Continent in a curious way. By 1805 nearly one-third of England's trade was with the neutral United States. American merchants bought more than they sold in England, and sold more than they bought on the Continent. They arranged with London to meet their English debit balances by turning over to English agents on the Continent their credit balances at Continental markets, and with these Great Britain paid its subsidies.

When this was stopped, first by Napoleon's decree of 1806, declaring all commercial intercourse with the British Islands contraband of war, then by England's retort in kind, and then by our own Non-Intercourse Act, the trade situation became deplorable. But the Continent steadily insisted on getting British goods. When Napoleon entered Russia in 1812, his own army was largely fitted out with shirts and shoes from England. One enterprising merchant used 500 horses in hauling overland, from the Gulf of Finland to France itself, English merchandise landed in Russian territory. The cost of transportation was said to be fifty times the regular ocean freight from London to Calcutta. Under all these conditions, the price of gold in London rose from 80 shillings per ounce, in the period 1803-6 (the mint price being 77.10½), to 91 in 1809, to 105 in 1812, and to 110 in 1813.

It may be asked, what were the great commercial results, after all was over? Years of complete prostration for the European Continent, which had been ravaged by the armies, was one. Great expansion of England's commerce, when it had driven the French navy from the seas, was another. But the third was the rise of the neutral United States as one of the great commercial and maritime Powers of the world, with a sea trade which it had never possessed before, and which it never lost until our own Civil War.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

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Diver, Maud. Captain Desmond, V.C. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Diver, Maud. The Great Amulet. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Ghosal, Mrs. An Unfinished Song. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Satchell, W. The Greenstone Door. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bailey, L. H. Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture. Vol. II. C.-E. Macmillan. $6 net.
Godfrey, W. H. Gardens in the Making. Scribner.
Slingerland, ,M. V., and Crosby, C. R. Manual of Fruit Insects. Macmillan. $2 net.
Tingley, Katherine. Garden of Helpful Thoughts (A Nosegay of Everlastings). California: Roja Yoga College.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Burnet, John. Greek Philosophy. Part I. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Ashley, W. J. Economic Organization of England. Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.
Cubberley, E. P. State and County Educational Reorganization. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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Harris, William J. Financial Statistics of Cities, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Baldwin, C. S. English Medieval Literature. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.
Barbour, W. T., and Coopland, G. W. Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History. Volume IV. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Butler, J. R. M. The Passing of the Great Reform Bill. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.
Chambure, A. de. A travers la Presse. Paris: Th. Fert, Albouy & Cie. 5 fr.
Cowan, A. R. Master-Clues in World-History. Longmans, Green & Co.
Durham, M. E. The Struggle for Scutari. Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.
Gray, Edward. Life of William Gray of Salem, Merchant. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.
Les Origines Diplomatiques de La Guerre de 1870-1871. Paris: Gustave Ficker.
Macaulay, Lord. History of England. Vol. III. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Paullin, C. O., and Paxson, F. L. Guide to Materials in London Archives for the History of the United States since 1783. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Turner, F. J. Reuben Gold Thwaites. Wisconsin: State Historical Society.

TRAVEL.

Baedeker, Karl. Southern Germany. Handbook for Travelers. Scribner.
Buxton, Noel and Harold. Travel and Politics in Armenia. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Dana, R. H. Two Years Before the Mast. Scott, Foresman & Co.

POETRY.

Keeler, Charles. Elfin Songs of Sunland. Third Edition. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Driesch, Hans. The History and Theory of Vitalism. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Faris, R. L. Terrestrial Magnetism. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Freud, S. Psychopathology of Everyday Life. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Goddard, H. H. Feeble-Mindedness (Its Causes and Consequences). Macmillan. $4 net.
Lückes, E. C. E. General Nursing. Ninth Edition. Dutton. $1.75 net.

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Williams, E. H. The Question of Alcohol. The Goodhue Co.

DRAMA.

Boas, F. S. University Drama in the Tudor Age. Oxford University Press. 14s. net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Davis, C. O. High School Courses of Study. World Book Co. $1.50 net.

Glehn, L. C. von, and Chouville, L. Cours Français du Lycée Perse. Vol. II. Cambridge: W. Heffer et Fils et Cie.

Price, William R. Reformlesebuch. Ginn. 75 cents.

CLASSICS.

Miller, Walter. Xenophon Cyropædia. Vol. I. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

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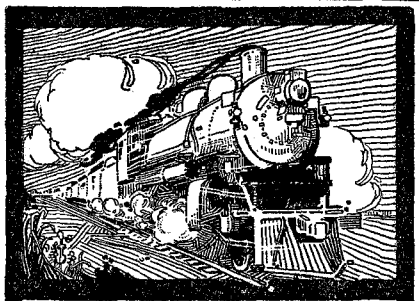

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